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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

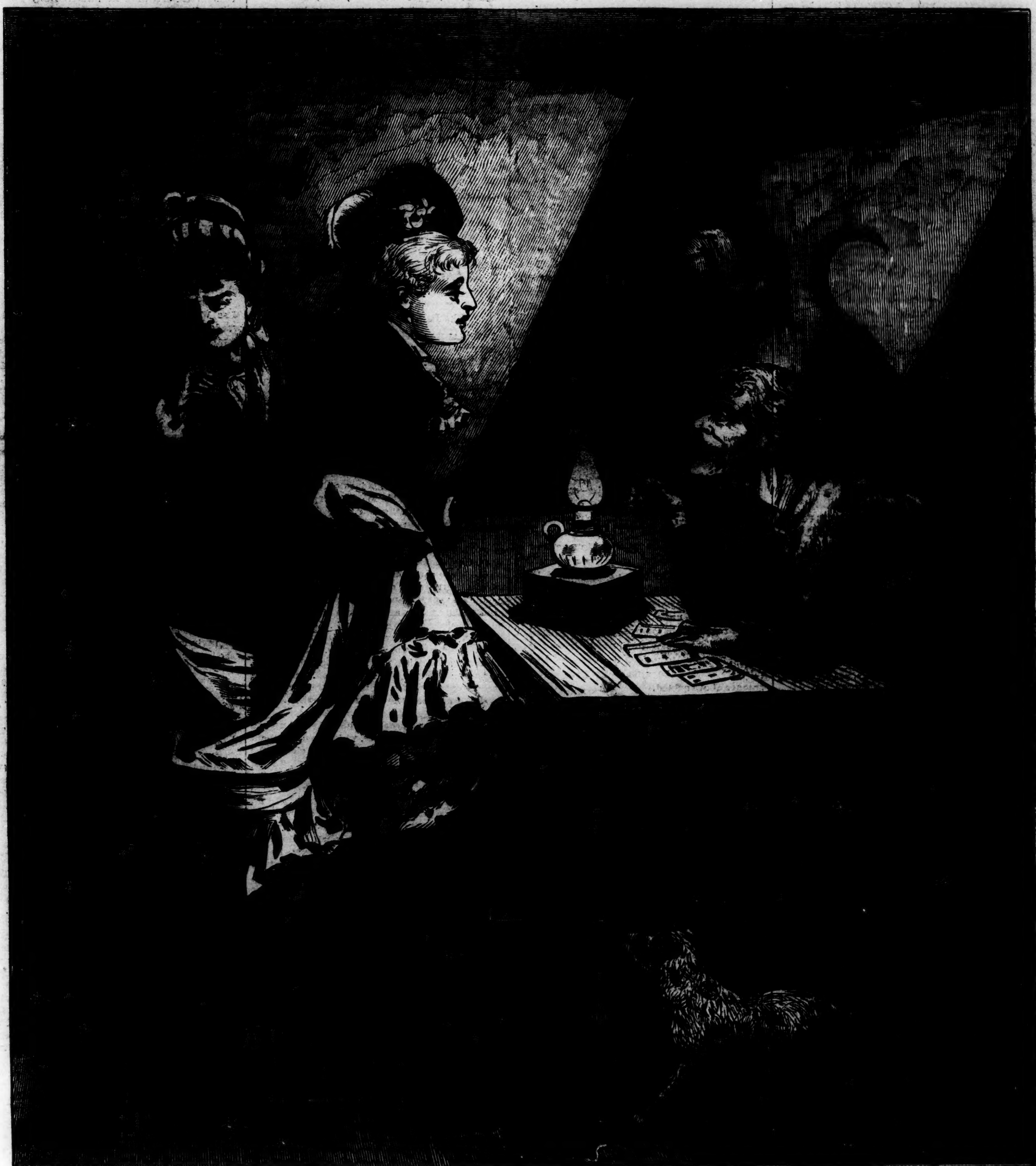
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIII.—No. 72.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



A UNCOUTH SEERESS AND HER STYLISH CALLERS—A NOT UNFREQUENT SCENE IN THE WEIRD DEN OF "DOG" MARY, ONE OF THE "WITCHES OF NEW YORK"—CREDULOUS ARISTOCRATIC DAMSELS WHOSE CURIOSITY TO PEEP INTO THE FUTURE OVERCAME THEIR DREAD OF THE FORTUNE TELLER'S UNCANNY SURROUNDINGS.—SEE PAGE 11

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1879.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canadas, and more particularly from the West and Southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

J. G., Ada, O.—See item under "Vice's Varieties;" thanks.

F. B., Mobile, Ala.—Article accepted; will appear in our next.

G. H. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—See account in another column; thanks.

W. H. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.—See item under "Vice's Varieties;" thanks.

R. F. R., Cincinnati, O.—No; we have already published full account of the matter.

CORRESPONDENT, Sterling, Kan.—Portraits and sketch received. Accept thanks for favors.

CORRESPONDENT, Delaware, O.—Do not find the article of sufficient general interest for publication.

HAYS, Dubuque, Iowa.—Article published elsewhere; it presents, however, no point for illustration.

CHIEF OWENS, Hopkinton, Ky.—Thanks for the courtesy and kind offer. Will be glad to hear from you frequently.

GEORGE M., New York City.—The course you are pursuing is a dangerous one, and we earnestly advise you to relinquish it.

G. J. L., Nashville, Tenn.—Article published in another column. Send photos of the criminal and others, or any of them, if possible.

FELIX, Kocalsko, Miss.—Occurrence decidedly too far back. Let us know result in good season and we can then review the matter; thanks for attention.

G. N., Chicago, Mo.—Matter will be attended to in our next; unavoidably crowded out this week. Will be glad to receive accounts of interesting events in your vicinity.

ARTIST, Kansas City, Mo.—The specimens sent are very fair, but rather too pretentious for an illustrated journal of current events; modernized and localized somewhat they might answer.

E. J. A., Portsmouth, N. H.—Cannot give you any further information than was contained in the article referred to. To the best of our knowledge there have been no new developments.

CORRESPONDENT, Brownwood, Texas.—Matter held over to next issue, in which it will appear with illustration arrived too late for this. Please notify your newsdealers and others of it. Thanks for attention.

F. K. S., Waco, Texas.—Item previously received from another source. In such an occurrence the telegraph is most likely to anticipate the mailed account. What we wish particularly is outline sketches of localities of incidents, the surroundings, &c., and photos of parties connected with notable occurrences.

WILL, Springfield, Ohio.—Suicides, unless attended by especially sensational circumstances, as the one in question is not, are, unfortunately, too common to receive more than local attention. Those occurring throughout the west in this city alone would occupy a by no means inconsiderable portion of our space.

L. M. R., Springfield, Mo.—The sketch being drawn altogether from imagination, with, as you admit, no attempt to give correct details of the occurrence, is of no account whatever, and we do not see how you could suppose it would possess a value to us, however elaborately finished. We could do the same, and in much better style, at our own office. A correct outline sketch, however rude, would have far more value to us.

B. Anamosa, Iowa.—Items arrived too late for this issue; will receive attention, and, if acceptable, will be published in our next. We have no regular correspondent in your vicinity and shall be glad to receive items of interest from you if sent in good season. Accounts of occurrences, you must understand, lose their value if not sent immediately, and no paper can afford to publish matters that have been circulating all over the country.

W. D. M., Fort McIntosh, Texas.—You have forgotten to give names and other particulars necessary to make up an item of general interest. You must have noticed that we do have frequent items from your section as well as from all other parts of the Union, taking in, through our numerous correspondents pretty much everything of real note. Thanks for attention. Glad to receive accounts of interesting happenings in your vicinity at any time if forwarded promptly. Acknowledge several favors from you in that way.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS' ROW.

It is frequently insisted upon that "when rogues fall out honest men get their due," though we are not prepared to accept the assertion as an axiom, and though we by no means wish to be understood as making any insidious application of the proverb to our Police Commissioners, it still buzzes in our ears just now in a somewhat analogous sense as to the relations between the public and the Commissioners, in view of the present very pretty quarrel in that distinguished body. That is to say, if what they declare, or rather insinuate, of each other be true, the more completely they fall out the sooner may the public expect to obtain its due in a big sweep of the honorable body.

The charges against the magnates who reign in the marble palace in Mulberry street, printed in *extenso* in another column, are serious enough to command the attention of all who look to the Police Department for protection of life and property, while they are of no less interest to the taxpayers who have to support the expensive machine run by the gentlemen whose reputations, both social and official are so deeply involved.

It cannot be doubted that the influence of a careless and dissipated Board of Police Commissioners must have the very worst effect on the large body of men under their direction. Imagine a patrolman brought as a culprit before the august four to answer the heinous charge of taking a glass of hot whisky to add warmth to his blood, almost congealed by the bitter breezes which have prevailed more or less for the last two months, and imagine the contempt he would necessarily feel for his judges if he happened to have seen one or more of them staggering wildly home during the "wee sma' hours," and making his lonely post ring with bacchanalian shouts from their too youthful lungs. In the case of any other citizen such conduct would necessitate a speedy change of scene, say from the brilliant precincts of the Brunswick, the Windsor or Delmonico's, to the very considerably duller quarters afforded in such cases, in the precinct station-house. But never may the sacrilegious hand of common Patrolman, the eagle eye of watchful Roundsman, or the gold-embellished presence of sauntering Sergeant interfere with the sacred frolics of the mighty four who form the hydra-headed deity of the force.

Another charge is, that "the condition of the various Bureaus is open to criticism." The phrase is somewhat indefinite, but, coming from the source it does, we feel it to be fraught with a mighty significance. We can scarcely infer that it means that all the chiefs of the Bureaus, in conjunction with the Board of Police—minus puritanical Mr. Erhardt—get up a high old jamboree in the court-room, or even that, as a regular thing, a detail of men is specially ordered on duty for the purpose of keeping up a continuous flow of "hot Scotch," "Bourbon sours," or "Tom and Jerry's," for the delectation of the alleged bibulous-minded officials aforesaid. But, even granting such a picture to be overdrawn, the hint comes from one of the more or less initiated, one who may be regarded, in some sense, as a "squealer" and, therefore, when the proper time arrives, willing, no doubt, to unfold the dreadful secrets which lie behind the apparently lightly-worded sentence above quoted.

In fact, all the circumstances of the case make it desirable that the prayer of Mr. Erhardt should be hearkened to, and that the Mayor should investigate and, if found necessary, reconstruct the whole department. "New brooms sweep clean," and here is just the chance for Mayor Cooper to prove the truth of the old adage. A long suffering public are prepared to believe a good deal in the way of assertion to the detriment of the Department, as, naturally enough, they fancy that such incidents as the Manhattan Bank robbery, the desecration of Stewart's tomb, the stabbing of Alderman Morris, not to further lengthen the enumeration of audacious criminal acts, are mysteries which, with better police discipline, should have found a satisfactory elucidation long ago.

Should the reconstruction of the police force be the outcome of the present agitation, we must insist, even at this early date, that one of the first duties of such newly constituted Board shall be the abatement of the scandal which has long been a stench in the nostrils of decent society. We refer to the conduct of certain officials who batten on the proceedings of the systematic blackmailing of the unfortunate fallen women whose abodes of vice happen to be located in their districts. We have more than once held up to public view the long continued and unblushing efforts of one captain in particular to make his office not that of a faithful servant of the city, but simply an opportunity for the most bare-faced and revolting species of blackmail.

If it is true, as alleged, that Headquarters is rotten, no wonder need be felt if those who, as has been frequently asserted, pander to the tastes of high officials, repose safely under theegis of official protection. Even on this consideration alone, therefore, we join our prayer to Mr. Erhardt's and beg the Mayor to investigate the whole depart-

ment, regardless of political influence, social status or financial standing, and to let the long-needed investigation be a most searching one. In any case, a house divided against itself must fall, and it is evident, to the humblest capacity that the Board, as at present constituted, is unable to properly fulfil the duties it owes to the public.

THE CHAMPION MEAN MAN

We have heard of a good many claims to the championship of mean men, all more or less well founded, but Philadelphia just now puts in a claim to the possession of such an individual, which we rather think "lays over the deck," as far as our recollection serves us.

His name is Thomas Luzenberg, he is a conductor on the city railway car, and his point of distinction may be briefly stated as follows:

Luzenberg's wife is a hardworking woman, upon whom, it is alleged, had chiefly devolved the support of their five children. In the midst of the drudgery this must have required, she nevertheless, with womanly thoughtfulness, prepared her husband's supper for him, and, in spite of the inclement weather, shivering in her scanty clothing, trudged wearily away to her husband's car and got aboard of it to hand his supper to him. Now it may not be believed, but we are credibly informed, through the report of a legal proceeding, that this nondescript, in return for this devotion, not only demanded her fare, but that, when she pathetically told him that she had spent her last cent in preparing the meal she had brought him, brutally attempted to eject her from his car, but was prevented by a kind-hearted lady, who paid her fare. Thus prevented from gratifying his brutal instincts, he took his satisfaction further on by attacking her in the car, without provocation, beating and kicking her in such a frightful manner that her condition is now pronounced hopeless. Perhaps a parallel case of meanness may be found during this century—a superior claim is simply impossible—but we have the utmost confidence that the Philadelphia man will hold the belt against all comers.

The Indianapolis Double Hanging.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., January 29.—Louis Guetig, who murdered Mary McGlew because she refused his suit, having been granted a new trial, but two of the expected trio appeared on the gallows today, namely, Achey and Merrick.

Yesterday the ministers who have been attending upon Merrick called upon him and made a long examination of the religious belief of the prisoner, also attempting to induce him to make a confession, but unsuccessfully, he persisting in declaring that his wife was alive. As Achey put on his clothes this morning, he said, with a choke in his voice that belied his jocular words, "Well, I'll make a respectable looking corpse, anyhow. I'm ready; bring on the rope."

On the scaffold, in response to the question of the sheriff whether they had anything to say, Achey rose to his feet and in a clear voice said: "I would like to say something if I thought it would do any good. It appears that the evidence that Mr. Brown gave in is the only conclusive evidence of premeditated murder, and being one of the robbers himself the chances are he swore to a lie. Besides he acknowledged it to a man in St. Louis. 'Why,' says he, 'My God, why don't you write a letter there. They will hang John Achey.' The truth of the arrangement it was not premeditated, and, therefore, I was wrongfully convicted. The people here are prepared for a hanging and I suppose my death will make no difference anyhow. I am ready."

Achey sat down as coolly as he had stood up and spoken the few words above, which he did without a tremor in body or voice. When he closed the general whisper ran through the crowd, "What pluck!" After an interview of a few moments the sheriff addressed Merrick: "Mr. Merrick, have you anything to say?" Whereupon he started up almost with a jerk, and spoke in an excited tone, for him, as follows: "I have a great deal I would like to say, but it would not be worth while to say anything. The State of Indiana to-day, in the sight of that Court-house, is doing an unjust thing to one of her citizens. I say, as I have said before, to this people and the world, I am innocent of the charge. When that drop falls and my life goes out may eternal peace be still! I wish to say no more."

The white caps were drawn over their faces. Rev. Dr. Baylis said: "I commend you to the mercy of God." Then Sheriff Pressly pulled the lever. The drop fell with a resounding clang, and there were two bodies swinging in the space below.

Merrick did not show much signs of pain. He hung limp from the first, his shoulders showing on two occasions only, that he was respiring. His rope slipped, with the face to the front, throwing his head very far back, and it was evident his neck had been broken. At six minutes Dr. Henry Jameson reported his pulse at 100, and at six and a quarter minutes pronounced him dead. Achey died harder. His knot remained under the left ear, and he was strangled to death.

Achey's crime was the murder of George Leggett, a well-known gambler of this city, who was standing in Chapin & Gore's saloon on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 16th, 1878, when Achey entered, and without a word of warning, drew a revolver and fired two shots at Leggett, one striking him below the breast bone, causing death in twenty minutes. The cause of the murder existed in a gambling operation in which Leggett and a gambler named Brown fleeced Achey, out of several hundred dollars, of which he had come in possession a short time before by the death of his

mother. Achey, after the shooting, left the saloon and a few minutes later was arrested near Hogshire's shoe store, the scene of the murder of Daniel Mahoney by Patrick Bolan on the 17th of March previous. Achey's trial began November 4th, 1878, and lasted three days, the jury declaring that he must die, a decision affirmed by the Supreme Court on Thursday.

The crime of William E. Merrick, a livery stable keeper, surpassed in atrocity any that has been perpetrated in this state. It was perpetrated on the night of September 14, 1878, five days before the Guetig murder, but it was not discovered until September 22, 1878, when two men living near Eagle Creek came to the city with information that a dead body was lying among the logs and brush bordering the margin of that stream, near the bridge of the Morris street extension. The coroner went to the spot and found the body of Julia A. Merrick and the remains of her newly-born infant, both much decomposed. Her husband, it was testified, took her in a buggy about eight o'clock on that Saturday night and drove away from the stable, since which time she had not been seen until her remains were found. Merrick, who had married her to compromise a bastard case, had made threats of killing her, and the day preceding her disappearance and death had bought ten cents worth of strychnine at the drug store on the corner of Morris street and the Bluff road. A saloon-keeper on Indiana avenue, near the Fall Creek bridge, on the fatal night sold Merrick, who stopped his buggy at his saloon, two drinks, a glass of whisky for himself and a glass of blackberry wine, the latter he said for his wife, who was in the buggy outside. The saloon-keeper and a bystander saw Merrick empty a powder into the glass and hand it to the woman in the vehicle.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a handsome portrait, in costume, of Miss Eliza Wethersby, one of the best known ladies now on the burlesque stage in this country, one whose charming figure and pleasing, fresh voice, combined with the amount of humor and verve in depicting the character she represents, have bestowed many a pleasant hour on theatre-goers in every section, from this city to the far Pacific Slope.

Like most of the prominent burlesque actresses, Miss Wethersby hails from England, where she was long identified with the famous Lydia Thompson troupe, frequently taking the fair Lydia's place during that lady's by no means infrequent "indispositions." By residents of New York Miss Wethersby will be best remembered as *Amoret*, in the original production of "Baba," at Niblo's, some two years since. Again she appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Evangeline," when that much-played whimsicality first burst on the inhabitants of the Empire City. Miss Wethersby not long since took to herself a husband in the person of Mr. Nat Goodwin, a well-known character actor and manager. At present she is sojourning in California, but, it is said, intends reappearing, before long, on the boards of one of our city theatres.

W. C. Hamilton, Absconding Express Agent.

[With Portrait.]

W. C. Hamilton held the position of agent of the Southern Express Company, at Grayson Springs, Ky., on the Paducah and Elizabethtown railroad, up to December 16th, 1878. After that date he ceased to hold it by reason of having absconded with the books of the office and several hundred dollars in money. The money inducement in the case is apparent enough; the books not so much so. Hamilton undoubtedly understood the matter, however, and that they do possess a value is evident from the fact that, in addition to a reward of \$100 for Hamilton's arrest offered by the express company, they agree to pay \$50 for the capture of the books, even minus Hamilton. The latter is described as being about thirty-four years of age, five feet nine inches in height, weight about one hundred and eighty pounds. It is added that he was raised a farmer, in which honest vocation he should certainly have imbibed sturdier notions of honesty than he has developed. His portrait is given elsewhere.

The Walker-Chuvront Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

On another page we present correct portraits of William G. Walker, the Sterling, Kans., murderer, and David Chuvront, his victim, some account of which has been already given in our columns.

The men had engaged in a game of cards, which ended in a dispute, in which Walker appears to have invited a fight. Chuvront accepted the invitation, knocked him down and kicked him until Walker intimated that he had had a sufficiency of the occasion. Bystanders then seized and held Chuvront. Walker started as if to get his coat, but in passing Chuvront suddenly thrust a knife into his abdomen. Chuvront subsequently died of his wounds, and Walker was committed to the county jail to await the sitting of the district court in June.

Dr. George W. Kent, Jailbreaker.

[With Portrait.]

Sheriff William H. Mattison, of Ionia county, Mich., announces a reward of \$50 for the return or lodgment in any jail of Dr. George W. Kent, whose portrait appears on another page, who broke jail in that county September 12th, 1878, and has since managed to evade the call of justice. Kent is described as about five feet ten inches in height, twenty-three years of age, with a frank, open countenance and his appearance generally, as one would judge from his portrait, such that would little dispose anyone to suspect him of being the sort of person who would have occasion to break jail.

IN A NEW ROLE.

Oofty Gooft, the Celebrated Dutch Dialect Author and Actor, Makes His First Appearance

IN LURID TRAGEDY

Of the Most Sensational Order, in Which he and his Alleged Mistress Play Each a Sanguinary Part.

A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

One of those brawls of which jealousy is the basis has brought before the public, in curious combination, two persons who, in different ways, have each attracted considerable attention.

Captain Williams, of the Thirtieth street police, ascertained Friday morning, 24th ult., that a man had been shot in the night at 142 West Sixteenth street. Two officers were sent to the house, and in an hour they returned bringing with them a man in an exhausted condition, and a woman about twenty nine years of age, tall, dark and handsome. Her beauty, however, was at that moment hardly perceptible, for her hair was dishevelled, and her face was almost concealed beneath a mass of clotted blood. The man was Augustus Phillips, better known as "Oofty Gooft," the actor and comic author, whose verses in Anglo-Dutch dialect have gained him a national reputation. The woman was Mary Hooper, known as his wife, against whom he made a charge of assault with intent to kill, she making a counter charge of felonious assault against him.

More than a month ago Phillips rented the third story at 142 West Sixteenth street, and took Mary Hooper there to live. He introduced her as his wife, and represented her as being in delicate health. The lower story was occupied by Dr. J. J. Quinlan, who

ATTENDED THE WOMAN

for hysteria. She improved slowly, but her violent temper somewhat retarded her recovery. The couple, however, seemed to live happily together, and he is represented as having been very patient with her. He wrote plays, but although he lived comfortably he was evidently not in very affluent circumstances. He was extravagant, and fond of going to places of amusement and indulging in expensive suppers afterward.

Dr. Quinlan gives the following account of the events referred to above: "Mrs. Phillips was regarded as an invalid," said the doctor. "I had been treating her for hysterical convulsions for quite a while, but she had not had one for four days previous to the untoward occurrence which brought about the present difficulty. It was on Thursday night that I heard them return from the theatre. As you see, I occupy the lower floor, and so hear them all when they come in. Mrs. Phillips, or Mary Hooper, as they call her, reached the house, I imagine, about half-past two A. M. with a stranger, who, however, did not enter the house. Phillips did not show up for some time afterward. When he did there was no noise. Within an hour after the folks above me had retired I heard a good deal of loud talking, laughing and growling, which was followed by a quarrel between the man and the woman, whose screaming aroused me.

I WAS IN BED

when my door was assailed by the screaming woman, who, to my horror, shouted when I opened the portal, 'My husband is shot! and I shot him!' Immediately, as a matter of course, I followed the crazed creature up-stairs and found Phillips sitting on a chair at the bedside, with his hand on his side, saying, 'Doc, I'm shot! Yes, and I guess I'm done for.' 'Yes,' said the woman, 'and I did it.'

"Then," continued the doctor, "the woman behaved in a perfectly frantic manner. She was *en deshabille* and rushed around the room flourishing the revolver like one possessed of a devil. One of the cartridges dropped out of the pistol which she had in her hand, and I really did not think she was a responsible person. She even went so far as to say that she would kill him if she had her own way, but soon she quieted down not, however, before the wounded man, Gus Phillips, got up and took the revolver from her. I then made an

"EXAMINATION OF THE WOUND,"

which was in Phillips' side and did not deem it best to probe too closely for the ball, which had perforated him between the ribs. At the same time, not feeling that it would be well to let the matter go without expert investigation. I sent for Dr. Phillips, and, together, we sought the missile which had put "Oofty" in such a terrible condition. He was very nervous, and so we gave him a sedative, and about half-past four A. M., we left him very quietly sleeping, we thought, with Mary Hooper, or Mrs. Phillips, as we knew her, watching beside him. I went down-stairs and had retired, when suddenly a loud noise

startled me, and I concluded that the row was resumed. I got out of bed and started up-stairs to ascertain what was taking place. When I reached their apartments, to my horror, I saw a tableau which startled me. The woman stood above Phillips with a poker in her hand, screaming, 'You are jealous of me, and that's all that ails you.'

"The patient sat up in bed and I interposed between them. He was wounded, and I was thunderstruck at the situation. 'Doctor,' said he, 'by God, I can't stand this, and I won't stand it; I'll be damned if I will!'

"SHE WON'T LET ME ALONE."

"'Mary,' I said, 'you must let this man alone. If you don't allow him to rest I will have to send him to the hospital to save his life.' Then said she, 'For God's sake, doctor, leave him with me; he is my Gus.' 'Well,' said I, 'if he is, you have got to behave yourself,' and after that there was some interchange of feeling between them, which was supplemented by Phillips saying to me, 'Doctor, I guess she'll do right now. Good night.'

"Well, sir, I had not been down-stairs probably more than half an hour when there was another terrible racket up-stairs, and fearing the worst I started up for the third time to the Phillips' apartment, and to my astonishment I found him on his back kicking for dear life, and her striking at him. Said he, 'Doctor, by God, I can't stand any more of this,' and, without another word, he jumped upon his feet and struck out twice at her, and hit her in the face, the blows setting her mouth and nose bleeding profusely, thereby terrifying her.

IN HER NIGHTDRESS

she rushed down-stairs to the sidewalk and invoked the aid of a policeman; and as matters had become so serious, Phillips being wounded and the woman impetuous, I did not further interfere. He and she were taken to the Twenty-ninth precinct station-house. She was carried there. He walked. While in the station-house he fainted five times. He was subsequently removed to the New York Hospital."

Mrs. Hooper's wounds, although painful, are not in any degree dangerous, but it is feared that either peritonitis or erysipelas may set in as the result of "Oofty Gooft's" wound, either of which would almost certainly cause death.

The wounded man is forty-two years of age. He was born in the Seventeenth Ward, and in Public School No. 14 he developed singular powers of mimicry. His early life was passed almost wholly among German citizens, and from them he acquired an ability to speak and write a curious dialect of broken English that he turned to profitable account in his later life. His father was a builder, and he wished his son to embark in the same business, but the latter was

A BORN BOHEMIAN.

who desired to follow the stage as a profession. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Duryea Zouaves, in which he rose to the rank of an officer. At the close of the contest he went to Albany as a newspaper correspondent.

He was a leading member of the American Club, and he wielded some influence under the Tweed administration. In 1874 he appeared in the Grand Opera House in the leading role of *Oofty Gooft*, but he was not successful as an actor, and returned to the profession of literature, in which he had achieved some fame. He was for a short time in the liquor trade, doing business under Bliss & Kelly's pool rooms, but on the enactment of the law against pool selling he retired, and he has since devoted himself chiefly to writing comic songs in the Anglo-Dutch dialect.

The lady referred to above has been identified as the beautiful Mrs. Hooper, who was arrested in Brooklyn and subsequently confined in the Kings County Penitentiary for stealing \$2,000 worth of diamonds that belonged to the members of the family of William H. Delaney, of Brooklyn.

At the time of her trial, in December, 1877, many influential politicians of Brooklyn became interested in her story. There was no doubt about the theft. She had been a visitor in Mr. Delaney's house for several weeks, and had with her a maid. The diamonds were missed after she went away, and they were found in her possession when she was arrested, a few days afterward, in Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City. Mrs. Hooper was very indignant when arrested. She said that she had taken the diamonds as security for money loaned to Delaney. But on trial she failed to make any satisfactory defence, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a year. Her beauty and her polished manners created much sympathy for her, and powerful influences were brought to bear in

MITIGATION OF HER SENTENCE.

It availed as far as to effect her release three months before the year had been served.

Mrs. Hooper knew Phillips before her arrest for stealing, and is said to have met him soon after her release, and agreed to live with him. When they went to the Sixteenth street house, where she shot Phillips, they passed as husband and wife, but the landlady soon discovered that both were addicted to drink. There is now in the house a porcelain photograph of Mrs. Hooper, which was one of the few ornaments in

the room occupied by the two, which represents her as a beautiful woman, richly dressed, and burdened with diamonds and jewelry. Her black eyes, well developed figure, and dark hair are reproduced on the porcelain with such effect as to make a portrait that would be at once singled out for its beauty.

Mrs. Hooper's history was told fully at the time of her arrest and trial in Brooklyn. She is a Philadelphian by birth, and her maiden name was Andrews. She was educated in a convent near Boston. After leaving the convent her beauty attracted much attention to her, and she had many suitors. She married Henry M. Potter, a tobacco merchant of New York, about fifteen years ago, when she was about twenty years of age, and she lived with him in Boston for several years, but her husband could not restrain her from questionable conduct, and he got a divorce. Subsequently she married William H. Hooper, an iron merchant of Boston, and, it is said, ruined him by her extravagant habits. He went to sea. Then she went to Brooklyn, where she had made friends while Mrs. Potter, and Mr. Delaney, from whom she stole the diamonds, and who had known her as the beautiful wife of Mr. Potter, but nothing of her history, invited her to visit himself and his wife.

Latest news from the hospital is that both Phillips and Mrs. Hooper are progressing quite favorably.

The Avenger on His Track.

DALLAS, Texas, January 16.—A scene occurred in this rising young Atlanta of Texas, a day or two since, which well illustrates the fact that fate sometimes seems relentlessly to pursue the criminal. The particulars of the previous history of the affair, as obtained from a man named Henderson, appears to be as follows:

In the fall and winter of 1875 Charles Holloway was the confidential clerk of an old man named Ralston, at Kingston, Mo., who was an extensive merchant and also interested in the cattle business. Holloway had won the esteem and confidence of his employer that he successfully addressed the old man's daughter. The day for their marriage was fixed, but the devil entering that paradise of love, Holloway giving way to temptation, seduced and accomplished the ruin of his lovely young fiancée. When he found exposure imminent he fled the country, after having forged Ralston's name and secured stolen money from the store to the amount of \$600. His stolen funds amounted in all to \$3,000, and with this he came to Texas, roaming around on the frontier. At Fort Worth he fell in with the gamblers and blacklegs of that place, and got rid of his money.

With wantoning him in the face the miserable fugitive went to the fields and picked cotton along with the negroes. The fall months wore away and a cool January morning found Holloway on horseback riding into the town of Dallas. As he rode up to a wagon-yard where he proposed to leave his horse, he was met by two men. He turned pale and trembled like a leaf. No word was spoken. Defiance shot from the eyes of one of the men, whose effect on Holloway seemed like that of the ghost of Banquo at the feast. This man was the cousin of the ruined Miss Ralston, now said to be an inmate of one of the "gilded palaces of sin, or one of the 'dives' and bagnios scattered throughout the great city of the West and future Capital of the United States—St. Louis.

The name of Miss Ralston's friend was given as George Walker, who, as soon as he recognized Holloway, mounted a fast horse and started in hot pursuit of Miss Ralston's seducer. The latter lost no time in turning his horse's head and taking to headlong flight down one of the principal streets of the town. There was wonderment among the citizens as the clatter of the horses' hoofs died away in the distance and the direction of the "bottom," or Swamp of the Trinity, near by. Thither the fugitive bent his flight and whether his pursuer and the vengeance of the ruined girl overtook him, has not transpired. A sad portion of the story is that old man Ralston never got over his daughter's disgrace, but went down in sorrow to the grave more than a year ago.

A Savage Sneak Thief.

Mrs. Christian Bauchle, who keeps a confectionary store at 189 Newark avenue, Jersey City, about noon on the 30th ult. went up-stairs to her living apartments and saw a man ransacking a closet where she keeps her silverware. She screamed, and the thief pulled out a pistol and ran down-stairs. At the foot of the stairs he ran plump into the arms of Mr. Bauchle. The thief discharged his revolver at Mr. Bauchle, the ball passing through the fleshy part of one leg. He then ran down the street with Mr. Bauchle after him. At the corner of Grove and Newark streets the thief turned and fired another shot, which grazed Mr. Bauchle's head. The thief was, after a desperate resistance, arrested. At the Police Headquarters he gave his name as George Bartell. In his possession was found a jimmy, a ticket for the workhouse on Blackwell's Island and a small amount of money.

KNIGHTS OF THE JIMMY.

The Busy Night Put in by Three Industrious Cracksmen, Whose Modesty Led Them to Disguise Their Faces, in a Quiet Little Suburban Town.

[With Illustrations.]

SPRINGFIELD, L. I., January 24.—This village has been favored with a visit from some of the members of the gang of masked burglars who have for months past been pursuing their career of crime in this and neighboring districts. Shortly after midnight yesterday a party of three men who had traveled, apparently, from Jamaica, succeeded in entering the railroad station, without, however, obtaining any booty. Their next call was at the house of James Avery, to which they failed to obtain admission. They then called on Mr. Charles H. Smith, the postmaster and storekeeper, and here their efforts were more successful. First they broke into the store, which stands detached from the house, getting \$3 in the till and freely helping themselves to cigars. Next they attacked Mr. Smith's residence, placing that gentleman partly under the influence of ether, while they gathered together several articles of wearing apparel, silk dresses, overcoats, &c., all the while anxiously searching for a box containing Mr. Smith's cash balance, and which, as they seemed to be aware, usually was kept under his bed. However, it had fortunately been removed by accident to other quarters, so they missed the best part of

THEIR EXPECTED BOOTY.

Alarmed by Mr. Smith's movements while recovering from the anesthetic, the robbers hurriedly left the house. Their victim, however, was still too much confused to make any effort to pursue the plunderers.

Not content with their work, they hurried on to the Presbyterian parsonage, of which Mr. Oakley, his wife and three daughters were the sole occupants. The family had all retired to rest in the second story, and the robbers had a clear field to themselves. First they selected a window leading from the side piazza into the parlor and patted a section of the glass over with some sticky substance, and then with a glazier's diamond cut a circular hole about four inches in diameter, through which they could easily reach and loosen the catch. They hunted through the dining-room and kitchen, evidently after the silver, the greater portion of which Miss Josie Oakley had taken up-stairs with her. In a cupboard of the pantry they, however, found fourteen silver forks, and three silver napkin rings. The three men next went into the kitchen pantry, brought out a large fruit cake and some other eatables, together with a bottle of fine old cherry brandy, and sitting down, turned up the lights and made a hearty lunch. The cake was particularly good, and the young ladies say that not a crumb of it remained in the morning. Of the brandy nothing was left but the

BOTTLE AND THE CORK.

The robbers also broke into the back kitchen and the laundry, and prowled around for some time, upsetting things and making noise enough to have aroused double the number of sleepers above them. Then they went out through the parlor window, leaving the doors and windows wide open, and a strong draught sweeping through. Miss Fanny thinks that the robbers must have entered at a very late hour, because she sat up until after midnight reading, and she would have been sure to hear any noise below stairs. The situation of affairs in the first story indicated that the robbers did not go away until within an hour or two of daylight.

In Jamaica it is thought that they are a part of a notorious gang in East New York, several of whose members are now under indictment for burglary. The Springfield residents are unanimous in the opinion that the robbers were from Jamaica. Among the articles left by the thieves was a piece of paper picked up by Mr. Oakley near the broken parlor window. It bore the words, "Oil of vitriol," and "Sugar of lead," and apparently formed part of a druggist's prescription.

The Police Commissioners' Sensation.

Considerable excitement was stirred up among the City Hall politicians by reason of the publication in the *City Record*, on the 25th ult., of the minutes of the secret meeting of the Police Commissioners, on the 21st ult. The special cause of gossip was the resolution offered by Commissioner Erhardt, which, with the preamble, reads:

Whereas, The condition of the discipline of the police force is such as to awaken the most serious comment, and the condition of the various bureaus is open to criticism; and *Whereas*, Owing to carelessness and inebriety among the members of the Police Board, a most damaging influence on the whole department has been exercised; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Mayor of the city of New York be requested to investigate this department without delay.

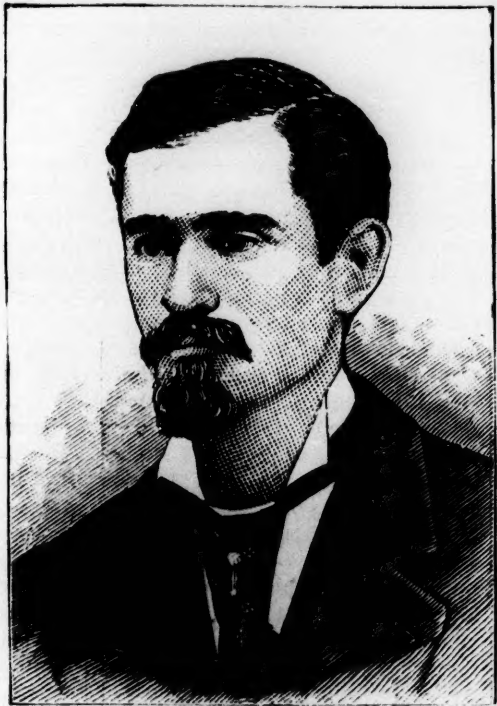
The Commissioners are disposed to say but little regarding this accusation of inebriety, and in the secret meeting they put it on file. Commissioner Erhardt voting against that action. If there was any discussion about it, the Commissioners refuse to speak of it.



SEXTON RADBONE'S ALL NIGHT EXPERIENCE LOCKED UP IN A VAULT WITH SIX CORPSES.—SEE PAGE 6.



MR. AND MRS. SMITH'S NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH A MARAUDING GRIZZLY WITH A TASTE FOR PORK, NEAR CHEYENNE, W. T.—SEE PAGE 13.



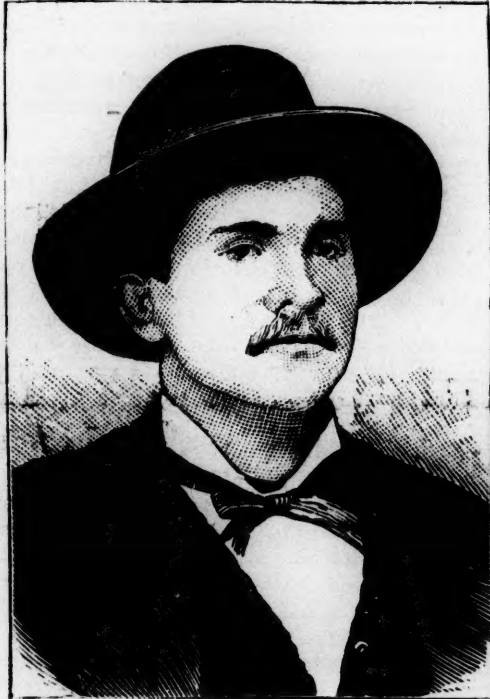
WILLIAM G. WALKER, MURDERER OF DAVID CHUVONT, STERLING, KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 2.

Latest Tramp Dodge.

A sharp dodge, illustrative of the trickery of the tramp, was played upon a confiding citizen of Birdsboro the other day, the facts of which, as given below, are strictly true. The gentleman referred to had a dog stolen from him some time

ago, which he highly prized. Diligent inquiry failed to ascertain the whereabouts of the animal, and while lamenting his loss to a party of tramps at the furnace, one of them—a one-legged man—professed to know who stole the dog, and of a place in Reading where he was

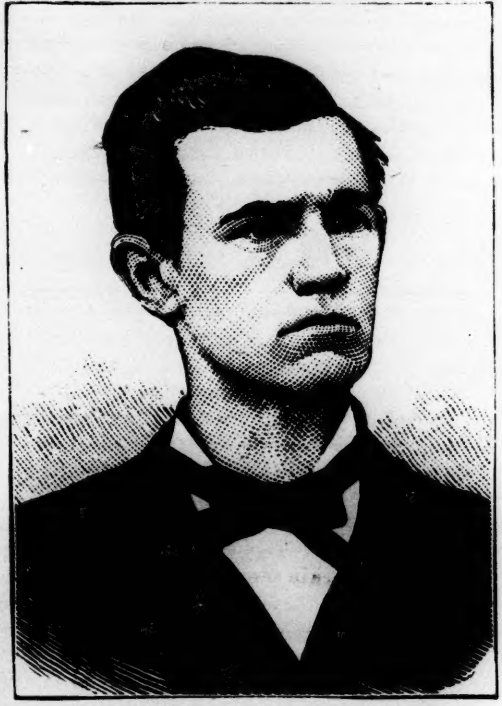
then hidden. The man was given his supper, lodging and breakfast, and was taken to Reading, where he pointed out a house in one of the by-streets and said: "Your dog is in there, but the folks don't like me very well, so you had better go in and claim him, while I stand outside."



DAVID CHUVONT, FATALLY STABBED BY WALKER, STERLING, KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 2.

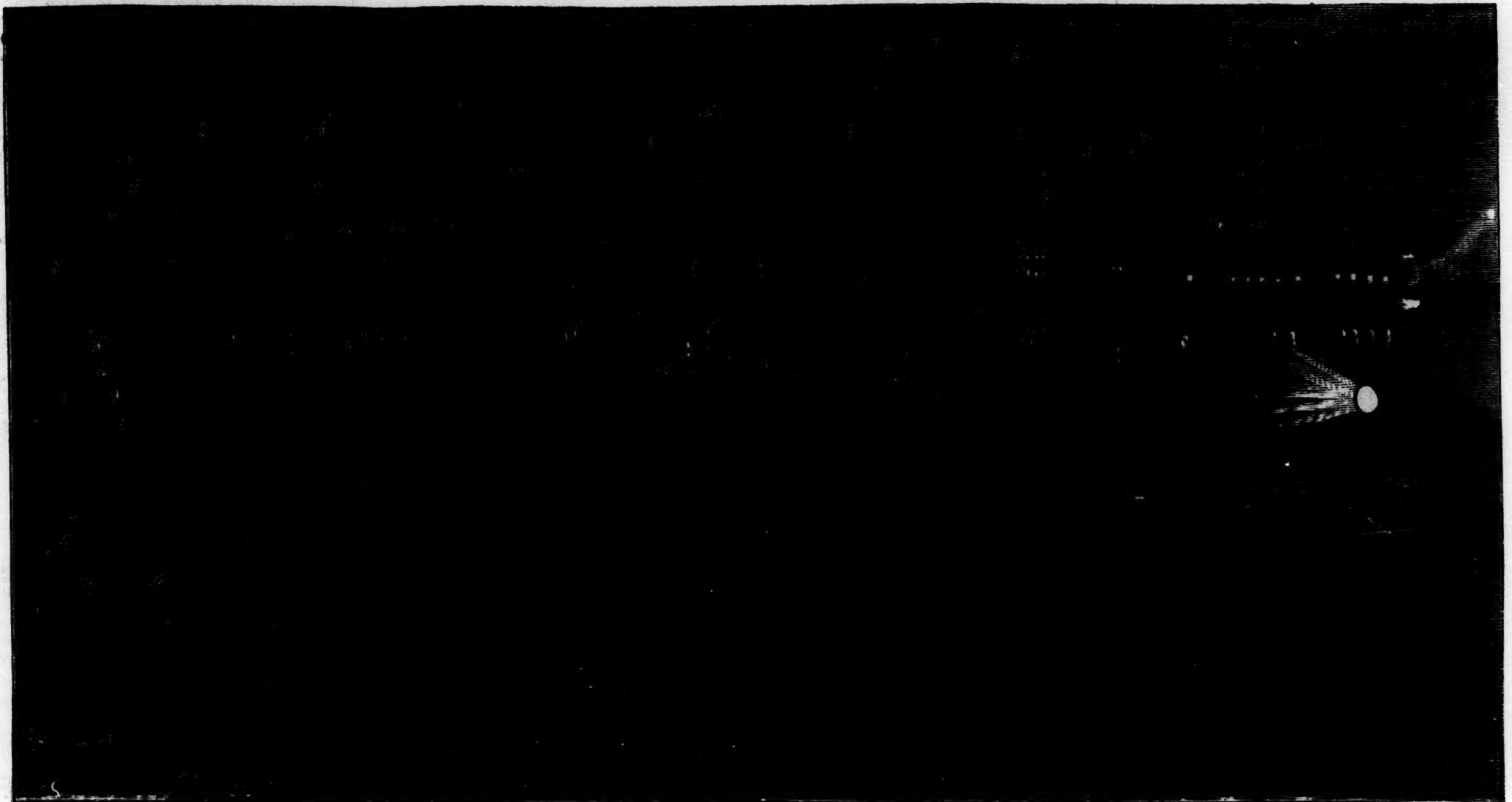


W. C. HAMILTON, ABSCONDING AGENT OF THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.—SEE PAGE 2.



DR. GEORGE W. KENT, WANTED BY THE SHERIFF OF IONIA COUNTY, MICH.—SEE PAGE 2.

The gentleman went inside and demanded his property, but was met with much indignation. Finding he was sold he returned to the pavement, but found his guide had fled, and he was forced to return home minus the price of two tickets.



NOVEL AND PICTURESQUE MIDNIGHT AQUATIC EXCURSION OF CAPTAIN BOYTON, ACCOMPANIED BY A HERALD REPORTER, DOWN THE BAY AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.

Boyton's Midnight Swim.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two persons, dressed in the paraphernalia of the demons in the "Black Crook," entered a carriage at the Hotel Frascati, in University place, at eleven o'clock on the night of 24th ult., and were rapidly driven to the Battery. On their way fitful blasts from a loud sounding trumpet were heard coming from the carriage as it merrily sped down town. The carriage was followed by small boys till they were wind-broken, and by more enduring young fellows till it reached its destination at the Battery.

A throng of sightseers crowded around the two figures, among the observers being the four members of the Volunteer Life Saving Corps.

"Why, hullo, Nan," came from out of the heavier figure, "Did you save any lives to-night?"

"No, Captain Boyton, not to-night," replied Nan the Newsboy. "What's in the wind to-night, Captain?"

"A Herald reporter and myself are going down the Bay to see the sights. I am about to show that anybody may consider himself safe in my rubber suit," Boyton replied.

The Captain and the reporter then walked to Castle Garden and asked permission to slip off from their pier. It was cheerfully granted, and the throng of on-lookers pressed into the building. The Captain saw that his stores were safely packed into a monster-like box labelled on the side, "Baby Mine." This little box has been a constant companion with the Captain in all his travels through Europe, and as he saw the lamps lit and his "life preserver" stored away he quietly spoke of its merits. Giving another loud blast, as a sign that all was ready, the crowd moved toward the door. The Herald man showed some anxiety, but ascribed it to the heat. He said he had four suits of clothes on beside the rubber suit, and that he was beginning to perspire.

"Now lower Baby Mine," said Captain Boyton as he descended the ladder from the dock into the icy water of the Bay. "Gently; look out for the lights. Now we have it," as the monitor-like boat dropped in the river. The Captain ascertained that the little boat was too top-heavy, and asked for a couple of bricks as ballast. After some trouble they were given to him. He then went out into the Bay and fired a skyrocket, lighting up the heavens in all directions. Coming near the dock he cried to the reporter to get ready for his voyage.

"I'll give you the best night's enjoyment you have had for some time," the Captain cried, as the reporter walked down the ladder. There were no stars in the sky when they started. The reporter couldn't swim, so the Captain arranged to tow him until he learned to navigate himself. Fixing "Baby Mine" at his head and the reporter at his feet the Captain paddled for the Narrows, under the guiding glimmer of the Bobbin's Reef Light.

"Good night, fellows, and tell the Captain of the Staten Island ferryboat to look out for us,



MISS ELIZA WETHERSBY, BURLESQUE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

Nan," cried Boyton, as he went down the Bay blowing his horn.

An Italian's Deadly Revenge.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Onofrio La Maltino, a barber in the employ of Peter Taritino, of 307 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, quarrelled on Friday night, the 24th ult., with his employer, whom he cut on the hand with a razor. Taritino succeeded, after a terrible struggle, in getting possession of the razor, and cut his assailant about the head and body in a terrible manner. La Maltino was also shot in the abdomen, but by whom the police were unable to learn. The quarrel was caused by Mrs. Victoria Taritino informing her husband that during his absence in the afternoon La Maltino had grossly insulted her, and also had been compelled to jump from a second-story window to escape from him. Taritino at once entered the barber shop and demanded from La Maltino an explanation of his conduct, whereupon a quarrel ensued. Taritino was arrested and La Maltino was taken to St. Peter's Hospital. No hopes are entertained of his recovery.

A Trunk's Ghastly Freight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

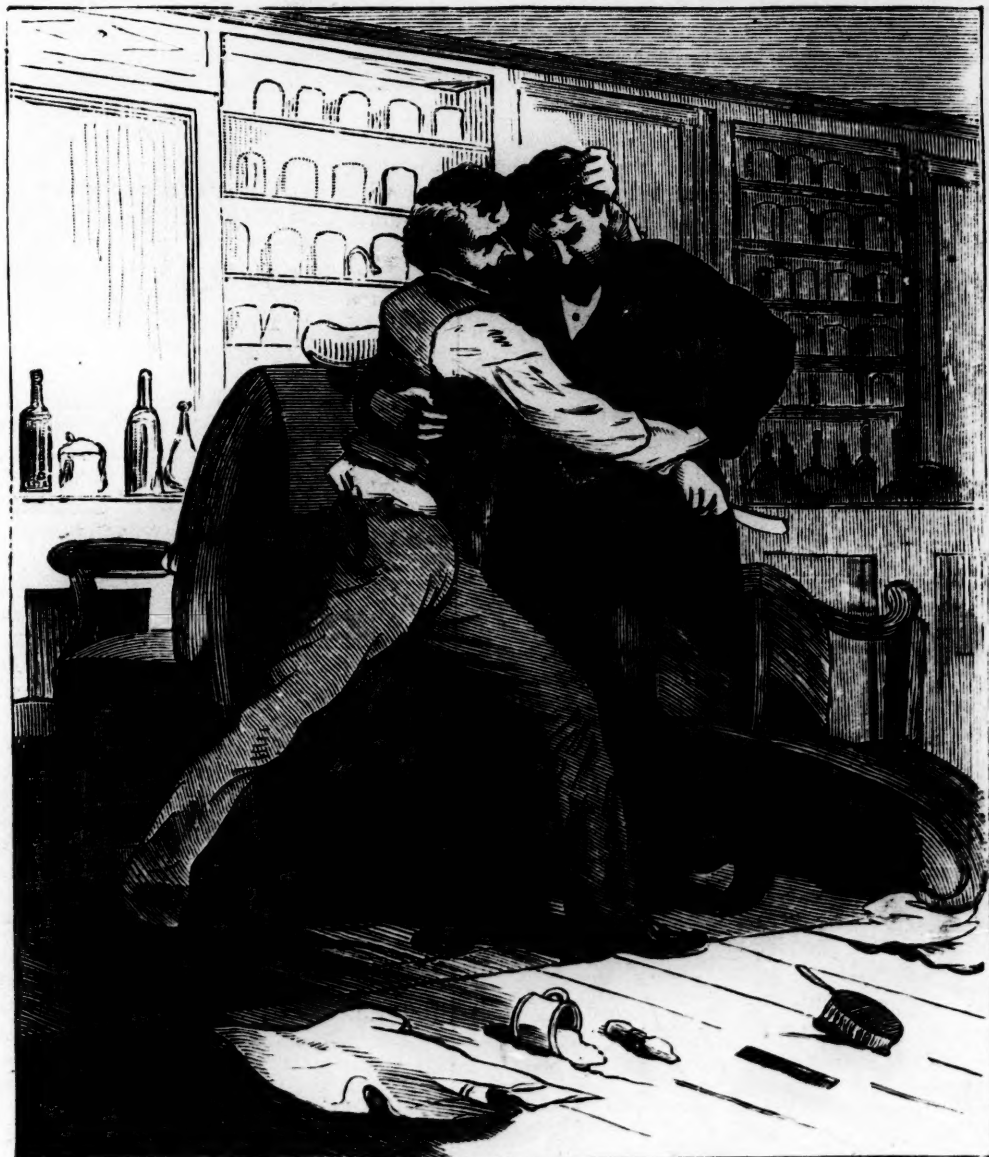
CINCINNATI, Ohio, January 28.—A special dispatch says: Upon the arrival of the midnight train at Fort Wayne, Ind., last night, a trunk was put out from the baggage car which emitted a horrible stench. As no one called for it it was broken open and found to contain the nude corpse of a young man. There was a deep wound in the left side, indicating that he had been fatally stabbed. The trunk was put on at Waterloo, Ind. A telegram states that the body is probably that of Adam Zeigler, who has been missing from there for several days.

Kicking Against a Reduction.

A few days ago a printed circular was received by each of the treasurers of the Police Mutual Aid Association asking them to get the men to appoint a delegate to a convention to be held to take action in regard to the reduction of the police salaries. Delegates were appointed and the first meeting was held in Military Hall, 191 Bowery, on the afternoon of the 27th ult. About 150 men were present. All the precincts were represented except the Thirty-fourth, Eighth, Fourteenth and the Steamboat Squad. There were men from these precincts present but not in an official capacity. A few sympathizing politicians were also in attendance. A committee of five, with Captain McCullagh as Chairman, was appointed to draw up a petition and to present it to the Commissioners.

A Brother's Life for a Horse.

AUGUSTA, Ga., January 28.—A fight occurred yesterday at McBean Station, Burke county, between the brothers M. H. and D. H. Mixon, in which the latter was shot and killed. The difficulty was caused by a misunderstanding about a horse trade.



FATAL QUARREL BETWEEN PETER TARITINO AND HIS ASSISTANT, LA MALTINO, GROWING OUT OF AN INSULT SAID TO HAVE BEEN OFFERED TO THE WIFE OF THE FORMER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A TRUNK'S GHASTLY FREIGHT—THE BODY OF A MURDERED MAN FOUND IN A TRUNK WHICH WAS PUT OUT OF A BAGGAGE CAR AT FORT WAYNE, IND.

FOR THE FALLEN.

Something of the Operations of an Institution of High Intent But Not Over-Flattering Prospects.

THE NOBLE SISTERS

Whose Lives Are Devoted to the Rescue of Lost Women, and What They Say of the Result of Their Labors.

VAGARIES OF THE MAGDALENS.

The following interview between a reporter and the Mother Superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, at St. Louis, Mo., will prove of no little interest to those who devote some attention to the best means of reclaiming fallen women from the vile and thorny paths of prostitution. After describing the internal economy of the house, the Mother went on:

"The Magdalen order was established here eighteen years ago, and during that time 250 women have entered. They are employed at sewing, besides spiritual exercises. They shut themselves out entirely from the world. In the reformatory class there is a sub-class of those who have become reformed and who wish to remain in the institution for a number of years, or perhaps for life, without taking the Magdalen vows. We call them the 'consecrated.' They exert an influence over the others by example and advice. Some of them have been with us for seventeen or eighteen years, and they are a great help."

"Are recommendations necessary to secure admittance?"

"None whatever. A woman will ring the bell and our doors are open to her. Many non-Catholics come. We never ask their creed. For regularity in the institution, however, every inmate must attend at our religious exercises; but that is all."

"Sister, do you find that many of the women develop into worthy characters?"

"Many, I'm thankful to say. But some of them won't stay until we feel that they are 'reformed and trustworthy.'"

The great trouble is that girls have friends sometimes who insist on taking them out. It often happens that the girls are all right and are able to face the dangers of the world; and then these same friends will drive them back to their old life by ill-treatment, and by 'throwing up' the past. Another great difficulty is that people don't like to take the women into their families to work, no matter how thorough may be the reformation. If we had good homes to send the unfortunate creatures to we could place a great many more out than we do. Oh, the heartrending stories we hear from the women! But we consider it a sacred duty not to make them public. Up-stairs there are women, Magdalens, leading a holy, religious life, who would be recognized, even if I did not give their names, as former inmates of houses of ill-fame, and as having led lives of drunken debauchery, if I were to tell you their history. Some of them are highly educated and belong to well-known families. This class are the more sensitive. When visitors are announced they shut themselves up. It would pain them very much to be recognized. They are, indeed,

"DEAD TO THE WORLD."

The good Sister drew a register-book from a locked drawer. "In this," she said, "the Sister at the door, who receives the women, enters their names, the names that they give us; but half the time they are assumed. To hide their identity we give them a name—a Christian name, such as Helen, Mary or Martha—and by that they are forever after known, as long as they remain with us. Opposite their name we write down as many particulars of their life as they choose to give us. We have remarkable characters here sometimes. One was a desperate character. She acknowledged on her death-bed that she had murdered three persons. She came and begged to be received. We took her, but she was so bad and reckless that we were obliged to let her go. Then she came back the second time. She gave us a great deal of trouble. She tried to do right, but she was seized with an irresistible attraction for the sinful pleasures of her old life. A second time she went out, and a third time she came back, for a long period she was very restless, and we feared we would have to dismiss her once more. But the poor woman was taken with consumption. Altogether she was in the house for two years. And she died a most edifying death, did she not, Sister?"

"She did, Sister," softly replied the other; "I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT."

"On her death-bed," resumed the narrator, "she told us she had murdered three persons, and that her first object in coming here was to escape the hands of justice. At one time, during her stay here, the house was visited by detec-

tives, but then we did not know who they were. They went over all the buildings. The woman on her dying bed, asked us if we remembered the visit of these men, mentioning the day. We replied that we did. 'They were hunting me, I know they were,' hoarsely said the woman; I was afraid they would know me."

"Sister, how is your institution supported?"

"Principally by the washing and sewing that is done here. We receive very little from friends or relatives of the inmates, and it is not often we receive contributions from the public, or bequests. Friends make big promises, and at first will give \$5 or \$10. But 'out of sight out of mind.' There are girls and women brought here who have not been called upon by friends for years."

"What is the general disposition of the abandoned class of women—those who have been living in houses of prostitution?"

"The most prominent characteristic is an unsettled state of mind. As a rule, they

"ARE NOT HARD TO GOVERN."

They know we are their best friends. We have never had a 'revolt,' nor has any Sister ever been struck. They have a feeling that they ought to be 'settled,' but they can't restrain themselves. One time they are gay, and then they will be melancholy, or be attacked by a 'fit of the blues,' as they call it."

"How do the city police authorities treat you?"

"Very kindly. We receive a great deal of encouragement from the authorities, it seems to me."

"Do you ever have any 'clashing'?"

"Not very often. About four years ago we had a case which caused us a great deal of annoyance. A girl came to me and begged earnestly to be received. She told me the house at which she had been living, and she said she wanted to reform her life, and to never more see any of her former associates. No matter who called, they were not to see her, she said. She only remained a short time, and I got her a situation. The very day I procured her the situation a woman came to see her. She boldly told me that she was the madame of the house in which the girl had lived. I told her that the girl was at a situation, but I would not tell her where, in accordance with the desire of the girl. The woman swore and left. Soon she returned in a hack, accompanied by a lawyer and a writ of habeas corpus. They insisted that the girl was in the house, and demanded that she be produced. The case came up in court, and our Mother Superior had to attend. It is horrible, but that woman unblushingly gave her name, address, and her character, as the keeper of

"A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION."

The case was dismissed."

The keeper of the house mentioned by the Sister is a well-known "madame," now proprietress of a quiet and select establishment on Ninth street, between Pine and Chestnut streets. The girl in question is a beautiful small blonde, with fascinating blue eyes. Not only does she now live with that same madame, but her sister is there also. There are two sides to every story, and this is what the madame says, in her statement of the case to the reporter: "Georgie" had been "going it strong" for some time. She wanted to recuperate, and so she went to the House of the Good Shepherd—a very common practice with "sporting women." She thought the institution was a kind of free hospital, and if she had known that she would have any difficulty in getting out she would not have gone. The madame did not know where she was; but a few days afterwards a girl left the institution, and told her that "Georgie" was there and wanted to get out. On the same day the madame received a telegram stating that the mother of the girl was dying.

"That's so," put in "Georgie's" sister, "and I sent it."

The madame went to the House of the Good Shepherd, and producing the telegram said she wanted to see the girl. The Sisters thought the telegram was forged, at which madame indulged in profanity. She would not but believe that the girl was confined in the house, and

SHE GOT OUT A WRIT.

"The idea!" exclaimed the Madame. "The lawyer of those Sisters, Mr. Garesche, said that a harlot's word was not as good as theirs! Just if I could not tell the truth!"

"And what became of the case?"

"On that very day 'Georgie' turned up. She had only just been let out. She was taken to another part of the building when I went for her, and the Sisters would not release her, although she wanted to leave. She came right to me, and she and her sister are living with me now."

"Madames of houses" are greatly embittered against the noble institution. A pretty girl will become a favorite with the patrons, and will be a source of great profit. She leaves and becomes an inmate of the Good Shepherd, intending to reform. That makes the madame furious, and she is ready to swear that the girl has been inveigled into a prison house, and is kept there against her will. The statements of madames must be received with a great deal of caution—*cum grano salis*—(a very large grain); and the same with regard to the assertions of girls who have

been in the institution and who have escaped or who have walked out to return to

THEIR "SPORTING" HABITS.

Some girls placed in the institution by their parents or guardians escape in the most extraordinary manner. One, who had a "lover," sent a letter to him by an outgoing friend, describing in detail her father and the circumstances of her family. Her father had placed her in the House of the Good Shepherd for safe keeping. The "lover" disguised himself to appear as an "old man," as per description sent by the girl. He went to the Good Shepherd's and said he wanted to see "his daughter." The good Sisters suspected nothing—he told such a straight story, consistent with the actual state of affairs—and they let him see the girl. The "old man"—otherwise the "lover"—wept over the maiden, and asked her if she did not wish to go home. She said she did, and that she would be a good girl ever afterwards. Five minutes afterwards she was sailing down the street, linked in the arm of the man, and half an hour later she was in a bagnio. Another girl, with lovely dark eyes and pretty face, who goes by the name of "Stella," and belongs to a very respectable family across the river, was put in the institution at an early age by her father, on account of her evil propensities. She stayed there, off and on, for five years. Her story is that when she went there she "did not know an A from a bull's foot," but in three years she learned from the other girls all about "sporting houses."

She climbed over the wall one day, but was immediately captured. Seven or eight times had she

SCALED THE WALL

and, at last, gaining her entire freedom, she "turned out" with a vengeance; and now this girl drinks, "outs up," and would not miss Billy Carroll's Sunday night ball for any consideration. She was a Tartar while in the institution. Watching her opportunity she crawled through the sewer leading out to the street, while some workmen were making repairs. But on emerging from the slimy aperture she ran right into the arms of one of the Sisters. Her conduct was so outrageous that she was confined in a room at the very top of the building. For days she was there, like a caged tigress, with no one to speak to but the Sister who brought her the meals. Desperate in her desire to get to the outside world, she tied two sheets together and let herself down to the second story; then she "slid" down the lightning rod to the ground. Detective Rahill happened to be across the street, and he arrested her, but he afterwards let her go. This girl, although she says she will never go back, speaks in the most kindly manner of the Sisters.

The sin and the degradation in a large city are terrible. The temptations alluring men to the downward path are numerous and potent. But a man, however low, always has a chance. With a woman it is different. Many there are to tempt, but few to save;

"Idly first, ambitions of the town,"

she rapidly descends the ladder of womanly honor, decency and self-respect—

"Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue lost," her condition is almost beyond redemption by any human agency. Religion heresteps in. Few, very few, righteous Christians are willing to take hold of this leprous sore of society. Then all the greater reason for giving honor to the noble, the self-sacrificing Sisters of the House of the Good Shepherd.

A Justice Arraigned for Tyranny.

Justice Robert F. Laird, of Jersey City, was convicted in the Hudson County Court of General Sessions on Monday, 27th ult., on an indictment accusing him of falsely imprisoning Samuel B. Derrickson. It seems from the testimony that the complainant, who is also a Justice of the Peace, entered Justice Laird's office, in Palisade avenue, on the evening of June 21, 1878, and asked for the papers in a suit in which he was interested. Justice Laird replied that he had no time to attend to the subject, and ordered his visitor out of the room. Derrickson at first refused to go without the documents, but he afterward changed his mind. As he was about to go, Laird sprang from his bench and grasped him by the shoulders, saying:

"By —, I'll not let you out of here until I put you where the dogs wont bark at you."

He then deputized James Mulvaney, a civilian who was present, to arrest Derrickson, and, seizing pen and paper, he made out a commitment consigning Derrickson to the county jail for three months on a charge of disorderly conduct. The prisoner was released on habeas corpus on the following morning.

Judge Garretson asked the defendant while the latter was on the stand: "Who arrested Derrickson?"

Laird—I did.

"Who made the complaint of disorderly conduct?"

"I did."

"What was the disorderly conduct?"

"He asked for them papers."

"Who convicted him?"

"I did."

The jury then, by Judge Garretson's direction, pronounced the defendant guilty, and he was remanded for sentence.

Looked in a Tomb With Six Corpses.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Not long ago the widow of a gentleman who had recently died desired the vault wherein the remains had been temporarily placed to be watched, so that body snatchers could have no opportunity to ply their nefarious calling. Thinking that the vault would be watched better by the sexton than any one else, Mr. Radbone was hired to keep a close lookout. At dark he took a lantern and blanket and made up a bed in front of the vault, so that any one approaching it would have to step over his body. But after lying there some time it grew quite cold, and he thought he could watch the corpse just as well if he went inside the vault, but of the cold. So he unlocked the vault and went in, but found that he could not lock the vault from the inside. That would never do, and yet he was determined not to stay outside.

Finally he went back to the house and aroused his hired man, and the two went back to the vault. Mr. Radbone then took his lantern and blanket and went inside, made a bed on the floor and laid down for the night, having for companions to while away the tedious hours, six corpses. The attendant locked the door from the outside and went back to the house and his warm bed, leaving the sexton alone in the vault with his silent companions.

There was nothing to disturb his tranquility during the early part of the night. Everything was quiet and still until about one o'clock, and then there was a gentle noise, as though some one were tampering with the vault lock. Mr. Radbone took up his lantern, and the noise stopped for a few moments, only to begin again he laid down on his blanket. This time it appeared to be in an opposite corner of the vault. He could see nothing, and could only hear that steady scratch, scratch, which became more and more distinct every instant. Mr. Radbone is a brave man, but he confesses that when one is locked in a vault with six dead men, with no living soul within half a mile, and at an unearthly hour to have such an unexplainable noise as that, it was more than men with ordinary nerves could stand. At any rate his hair began to rise, and just as he was thinking of the best way to defend himself against his spiritual foes a little mouse dashed from a dark corner, ran past him and darted out between the bars in the vault door. From that time on nothing occurred to mar his quiet watch, but in the morning he was rather glad to be released from his dull quarters.

Lively Incident on a Bridal Tour.

[Subject of Illustration.]

RICHMOND, Ind., January 22.—About eight o'clock on Monday evening, as the Cincinnati express steamed into the depot at this place, the train was boarded by a fine-looking old farmer, accompanied by a quiet-looking old gentleman, who from his appearance might have passed as the family pastor. The two gentlemen rushed through the train evidently in great haste, anxiously peering into the face of every lady and gentleman in the car. "Ah, ah! I've found you at last!" said the farmer, as he halted before a lady and gentleman who were seated together in a most suggestive proximity that would indicate connubial bliss very recently acquired. The young gentleman jumped up and demanded the mission of the elderly party. "I want my daughter, you villain, and I'll have her or have your heart's blood," exclaimed the now infuriated old man; and, whipping out a huge navy, he was about to level it at the young man's head, when the gentleman who accompanied him interfered.

The passengers, hearing the scuffle and the call for blood, and seeing the pistol flash in the air, stampeded from the car. "Valentia," cried the old man, "come home or I'll kill you and the scamp that stole you away from me." Suiting the action to the word, he broke away from the old man who held him and covered the youthful pair with his revolver. The girl, who had sat very quiet thus far, sprang to her feet, her black eyes flashing as she gazed into the face of her white-haired old father, saying: "Father, I've married this man, and wherever he goes there I will go; and as for going home I will not—shoot or no shoot." The old man was so infuriated at this outburst that he would have killed them both had not the bystanders, who had sympathized with the young couple from the outset, disarmed the old man and held him in a corner, and hustled the young couple out of the car and into another train that immediately started Chicagoward. The old man and his partner were held until the fleeing couple were in safety. The bride was a petite little brunette and her husband was a fine-looking young man, both, to all appearances, belonging to the wealthy class of country people.

In Trenton, N. J., on the 30th ult., Patrick Breslin, an ex-Brooklyn alderman, was convicted of illicit distilling and was sentenced to nine months in the state prison and to pay a fine of \$2,000.

CHEYENNES' CHOICE.

Desperate Efforts of the Little Band
of Red-Skinned Spartans Who
Prefer Death

RATHER THAN SLAVERY.

How They Fought to the Last Man and
Made a New Thermopylae of
a Barren Ravine

IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., January 23.—The following is a correct report of Captain Wessells' successful engagement with the Cheyenne Indians, who had so long defied that gallant officer's most strenuous efforts to capture them.

After their outbreak from the prison in which they were confined they entrenched themselves each evening in some position of great natural strength and twice managed to elude the vigilance of the pursuing troops. On the morning of the 20th, Captain Wessells, with his command, finding the body of Barber in the bluff, where he had been killed by savages the previous evening, discovered the renegades had fled from their stronghold during the night. Captain Wessells returned to his command with a view of starting in pursuit of the Cheyennes. On his arrival in camp he found that Colonel Evans had arrived a few minutes previous. In a few words as possible he informed that officer of the Cheyennes' escape during the night. Colonel Evans, having assumed command, immediately began search for the Indian trail, which was found an hour later by Lieutenant Chase, leading in a westerly direction, and followed by the whole command, consisting of companies A, B, D, E, F and H. On approaching a large range of hills Colonel Evans ordered a halt. Taking companies B and D he slowly

ADVANCED TOWARD THE BLUFF.

The Indians, who were strongly entrenched on the highest point, allowed the troops to advance within pistol-range without being themselves discovered, and then poured a volley into the troops, without further injury than that of killing the horse ridden by Colonel Evans. The troops at once sought shelter from the enemy's fire. Colonel Evans, taking in the situation, dispatched a courier to Captain Wessells with instructions to proceed immediately to the other side of the bluff and endeavor to prevent the Indians' escape during the night, when a charge would be made the following morning. The supposition is that the Indians, from their high position, discovered Wessells' movements, and deeming flight the better part of valor took to their heels, which maneuver, owing to the coming darkness, was not discovered by Wessells until the following morning, when the trail was discovered, still moving west. Wessells, with four companies, immediately gave chase. His advance guard was surprised at noon by the Indians

INTRENCHED IN A DEEP RAVINE.

The savages opened fire on the military, seriously wounding Private Deboise, company H, 3rd cavalry. Captain Wessells, riding at the head of the main column, hearing the firing, galloped forward to ascertain the cause. He saw at a glance the situation, and ordered half a dozen sharpshooters to dismount and cover Deboise, who was lying apparently dead, fearing that the savages might dash from their pits and gain possession of his arms. Captain Wessells then ordered the command to dismount and the companies to deploy as skirmishers, Lieutenant Chase commanding. A company advanced from the centre up the ravine. Captain Lawson, commanding company E, marched to the mouth of the ravine, and companies H and F moved forward on either side, thus completely surrounding and shutting the Indians off from any possible escape. As the troops advanced, and when within one hundred yards of the savages' entrenchment, the latter poured a deadly volley into the midst of the skirmishers commanded by Lieutenant Chase, killing Sergeant Taggart and Privates Brown and Nelson. Captain Wessells, seeing his men fall, gave the command "Double quick," which was promptly obeyed, his men as they advanced keeping up a continuous fire with fearful effect as they neared

THE SAVAGES' RIFLE PITS.

When within thirty yards of the pits the Cheyennes again rose from their dug outs and despite the galling fire from the troops, poured a volley into them, slightly wounding Captain Wessells and a sergeant of his company named Reed. Lieutenant Chase, seeing Captain Wessells fall, sprang forward and, carrying his superior officer to a small spur of rocks, nearly out of range of the savages' fire, ran back to his company, who were near the edge of the Indians' entrenchments, and lustily cheered his men forward. Obeying the orders of their company commander without a moment's hesitation, the men dashed

forward, and as they neared the pits two Cheyennes sprang therefrom, having in their hands huge hunting-knives, determined to die game, but before they advanced a step they were riddled with bullets. At this moment Captain Wessells, having regained consciousness came to the front, and seeing the pits strewn with the dead bodies of the Indians, ordered his men to cease firing with a view of getting the remainder of the savages to surrender, but they loaded him not until

ONE BUCK ONLY REMAINED ALIVE.

It must be said in justice to the troops that during the engagement not one was known deliberately to fire at a squaw or papoose. On an examination of the ground after the engagement seventeen bucks, four squaws and two children were found dead, three squaws, two children and one buck wounded, and three squaws remained unhurt, making a total of thirty-two in all.

Ambulances left here at an early hour this morning to carry in the dead and wounded and will arrive here by noon to-morrow. Great credit is due to Mr. Pettys, who accompanied the command, for his untiring attention in administering relief to the wounded, Captain Lawson Third Cavalry, and Lieutenant John Baxter Ninth Infantry. The former commanding company E, and the latter company F, deserve the highest praise for their gallant conduct during the engagement.

The following is the official account of the Colonel Evans commanding the troops in the field:

"CAMP EAST OF HOT CREEK, at Sunset, Jan. 22, via FORT ROBINSON.—Companies B and D, Third Cavalry, Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Thompson, with myself found the Cheyennes in strong position in the cliffs four miles north of the stage road on the 20th inst., and out of their progress on the heights. The Indians escaped down the cliffs in the night and moved eastward

"RED CLOUD AGENCY."

They were pushed by Captain Wessells with companies A, E, F and H, which were beneath the cliffs on the prairie. A messenger from Wessells reports that he overtook the Indians at noon to day fifteen miles east of Bluff station, intrenched in a gulley. He charged them and killed and captured the entire party. Captain Wessells, First Sergeant Ambrose, company E and Indian Scout "Woman's Clothes" were wounded, Captain Wessells slightly. Sergeant Taggart, Farrier Bowen and Private Nelson, of company A, were killed. There were thirty-two Cheyennes in all, of whom only nine, all wounded, remain alive. They report that Dull Knife was killed by a shell in the cliffs some day back. The report comes to me verbally, and can be supplemented by more accurate details.

"EVANS, commanding."

A Madman's Murderous Mania.

A shocking deed of blood was perpetrated at Montville, Waldo county, Me., on Saturday evening, 25th ult., of which the following facts appear. The victims were John McFarland and his wife Salina, each about seventy years old and George Rowell, about forty years old. The scene of the murder is about eighteen miles from Belfast. McFarland and wife and Rowell and wife and two children lived together. Rowell having married a widow of McFarland's son. On Saturday evening Rowell, after having some words with McFarland, struck him, and threatened to take his life. McFarland and his wife and the two children then started for a neighbor's. They were met by Alonzo Raynes, a neighbor, who was coming to McFarland's house. As he neared the house he was fired upon by Rowell, but was not hit. Raynes ran back home, passing McFarland and his wife, who were walking through the snow. Rowell followed with the empty gun in his hand, and overtaking the aged couple, killed them both in the road with the clubbed gun, breaking Mrs. McFarland's neck, and crushing the skulls of both in a horrible manner. Leaving his victims in the road Rowell hurried on in pursuit of Raynes, who, with the children, had entered his house, closed the doors, and armed himself with a double-barreled shotgun. Rowell burst in the panels of the door, and, as he did so, Raynes fired, the charge entering Rowell's groin, making a fatal wound. Raynes bound Rowell with a rope, and with a lantern hastened to learn the fate of the aged couple. He found them both dead a short distance from his door. On his return to the house Rowell was also dead. Rowell was undoubtedly insane at the time of committing the deed. He had been considered so occasionally for several years, but was a quiet and harmless individual. He was a large and powerful man, and very dangerous in such a condition. At the coroner's inquest on the 28th, the verdict was that McFarland and his wife came to their death by the hands of George Rowell, and that Raynes killed Rowell in self-defence.

A despatch from San Antonio, Tex., says that a party of Mexican bandits recently robbed three women and two men on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande and left them tied to trees to starve. When found buzzards were hovering around the victims. Three of the bandits escaped.

TWO FAMOUS BEAUTIES.

Power, Brilliancy and Perils of the Fatal Gift in the Gay Court of France, as Exemplified in the Career of the Beautiful Duchess of Mazarin—A Woman Whose Face Was her Fortune, and Another Whose Fortune Lay in her Feet.

It would be a bold man who would undertake to justify or to palliate greatly the apparent shortcomings of the married beauties of one or two hundred years ago. I do not mean the love intrigues of the Maintenons, the Montespons, the Pompadours and a score of other beautiful wantons and Kings' mistresses, but the weakness of that other class, who were sometimes even hated at Court, and whose greatest offense was to be beautiful, and at the same time married, with out even the asking, to men whom they could easily hate. And yet there was some palliation some excuse. Women always did, and always will love to be admired; and French custom permitted that all pretty women might have a many admirers as they could honestly win. I was an outgrowth of the times of the Troubadours, when every lady had her lover, and when the highest flattery that could be awarded a man was to sing to his wife at her chamber window. Of course, married women could accept no attentions to even a greater extent than could the young maiden with her cavalier. Besides all pretty women were sure to be married women. No sooner was a girl discovered to be beautiful than she was sold, as it were, to the highest bidder, who usually proved to be

SOME RICH NOBLEMAN,

twice as old as herself, or some favorite of the King. Given then, a pretty woman married to a hateful old man, whose only advantage was money, a custom permitting married women to have admirers and lovers, and what might reasonably be expected to result?

All of the romances of two centuries ago have women as their chief characters. Wit and beauty ruled the world, and affairs of state prospered only as some fair woman lent her magic aid. Beauty and fame, even more than gold, were the idols of the seventeenth century. There was more power wielded in the salons of Paris than there was in the castles of the Kings. It would be unfair, however, to imagine that it was all, or nearly all, used basely. Among all the frivolities of the times, and gilt, and glitter, and hollowiness, there was still respect for that which is higher in woman than beauty—a virtuous heart, a cultivated mind. It is noticeable that, whether in the castle of Rambouillet, the former residence of the French Kings, or in the homes of the French nobility, the education of women was not neglected. The cloister and the abbey, indeed stood in close connection with the salons of Paris, and it might be, and usually was, but a step from the one to the other. The

THE YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOLS.

of those days, and the priests were no more the keepers of their consciences than were the good sisters the adorners of their minds. In the cloisters their lives commenced, and it was not so very unusual a thing that they sometimes ended there; for these retreats served not only as schools, but, on occasions, answered every purpose of a prison. Maidens imprisoned themselves there at times to be rid of the canting world; and sometimes, too, husbands who happened to be jealous of their attractive wives, or who, from comprehensible reason, were weary of their presence, resorted to the not unfashionable practice of shutting them up in abbeys.

It was such an experience, scarcely less than her supreme beauty, perhaps, that made the name of Hortense Mancini, the Duchess of Mazarin, an object of historical regard. She was the niece of the great Mazarin, at that time the most powerful man in France. Possessed of infinite beauty and great wit, she was, at the same time, the richest heiress in Europe; for Mazarin had adopted her as his own, and proposed giving her the greatest fortune in France. Her beauty, too, was of an almost fadacious kind. She must have been near to sixty when she died, and it has been said of her that to the last she retained the

SWEET GLOW OF YOUTH.

and every beauty of feature. She was fifty when she wrote, "I was never healthier nor handsomer than now." Penelope, with her hundred Princes, never had so many lovers. Rich noblemen tendered their fortunes and their hands, and Charles of England, and Peter of Portugal each begged to share a crown with her. All these were refused, and nobody knew why; for at sixteen she was married to Armand Millerage, a Court favorite, and a man twice as old as herself. Of course the result to be expected followed; a few short months of happiness, and then the green-eyed monster slipped into the husband's heart. He was not jealous, only he was furious at seeing the assiduous attentions of so many of Hortense's admirers. He hated every one of them, he hated the King, and forbade his beautiful wife ever speaking to him. Threatenings and mistreatment, however, availed nothing. She was too beautiful. The world would admire in spite of his claims of

private property, and then Hortense was looked up in the cloister of St. Marie, just joining the famous Bastille. Associated with a few dreary women, who looked upon her as a sinful thing of the world, to whom repentance could bring small reward, her life was wearisome enough. At last some friends pitying

THE IMPRISONED BEAUTY

helped her to escape. Again a short trial with her husband, and again an escape. At night this time, on foot, in men's clothes, the great beauty was flying from Paris, the scene of her triumphs as well as of her woes. She journeyed off to Italy, and on her way was everywhere the object of the greatest attention. At Chambery she held a sort of court, where some of her old admirers, and many new ones, flocked to see her, to congratulate her on her freedom, and to admire her beauty. She became renowned for the elegance of her taste in matters of personal adornment. She knew how to dress, and this was an art that even then was not understood by every fair lady. Whatever she wore seemed especially suited to her. One day in the costume of an amazon, another in the dress of a modern Greek; whether in the light drapery of the old statuary, or the heavier robes of her own period, she was pronounced the loveliest of the lovely. Her husband had managed to greatly reduce her fortune. Still she had enough left for charity, and she soon became as well known for deeds of goodness as for her beauty. She traveled back to Holland, and then crossed over to England, where the elite of London received her as

THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

She brought to her new court the artists, the singers, the poets of the great city. She became the patron of learning, and among her British admirers were Dryden and Pope and Temple and Swift. London, they said, was full of pretty women; but Hortense, though old, was the fairest of them all. She died in England, in the midst of her triumphs, and there was scarcely a heart in Britain, her partial biographers say, that did not lament the beautiful but unfortunate niece of Mazarin.

Skip a century, about, from the days of Mazarin, and one is struck by the great number of beautiful women who appeared in the salons of Paris, and the larger towns of France. The very mention of their names would remind the reader of the intrigue and abandonment that prevailed from the reign of the "Grand Monarch" till the days of the Consulate. How beauty was sought, how idolized, not that it was a thing of rarity, but that it was appreciated. If a pretty face may be considered a fortune now, it was a kingdom then. Poor Nicolo Isouard

ALMOST DIED OF BOWROW.

that he could not find at once a singer with a face sufficiently pretty, and a foot sufficiently small to take the first part in his wonderful opera of "Cinderella." All the pretty feet in Paris were looked at in vain, when Nicolo accidentally stumbled on the pretty little child M'lie St. Aubin. The composer's fortune was made in a single night. "The little foot will be looked at first," said Nicolo. "If that passes, all is well with the music and the face." The foot was looked upon and adored. All Paris was in excitement. Such singing, such a face and such a foot! The sweet singer entertained Paris and the Continent for many years, and then she grew old, and compassionless time robbed her of relatives, of money and of friends. She was seventy-five. There remained nothing to her of the past, save her recollections and her pretty feet.

Terrible Double Tragedy.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, January 25.—A terrible and revolting crime, a double tragedy, occurred in the northern part of Washington county, this state, early yesterday morning. The innocent victim was Miss Emma Hull, and the murderer her father, O. P. Hull, who split her head open with an ax while she lay asleep, and then shot himself with a revolver. Hull was a highly respected and wealthy farmer, and Emma a young lady of good education, seemingly the idol of her father's heart. It was his pleasure up to the hour of the tragedy to leave nothing undone which could minister to his daughter's comfort and happiness. This feeling seemed intensified so much of late that Emma's absence from the house at any kind of an entertainment seemed to worry his mind. Thursday night she attended a spelling school in the neighborhood in company with some other members of the family, which seemed to give her father more than usual anxiety. On their return at a late hour he arose from bed and met them. Soon after all retired without anything unusual being noticed. About one o'clock yesterday morning one of Emma's sisters, who was sleeping with her, called her mother, saying that something was the matter with Emma. The mother, on going to the bed, was startled to find her daughter lying in a pool of blood.

At the same moment Hull, who had been out of the house, came into the room, and with the exclamation, "Oh, mother!" instantly fired, the ball from the revolver lodging in his brain, and causing instant death.

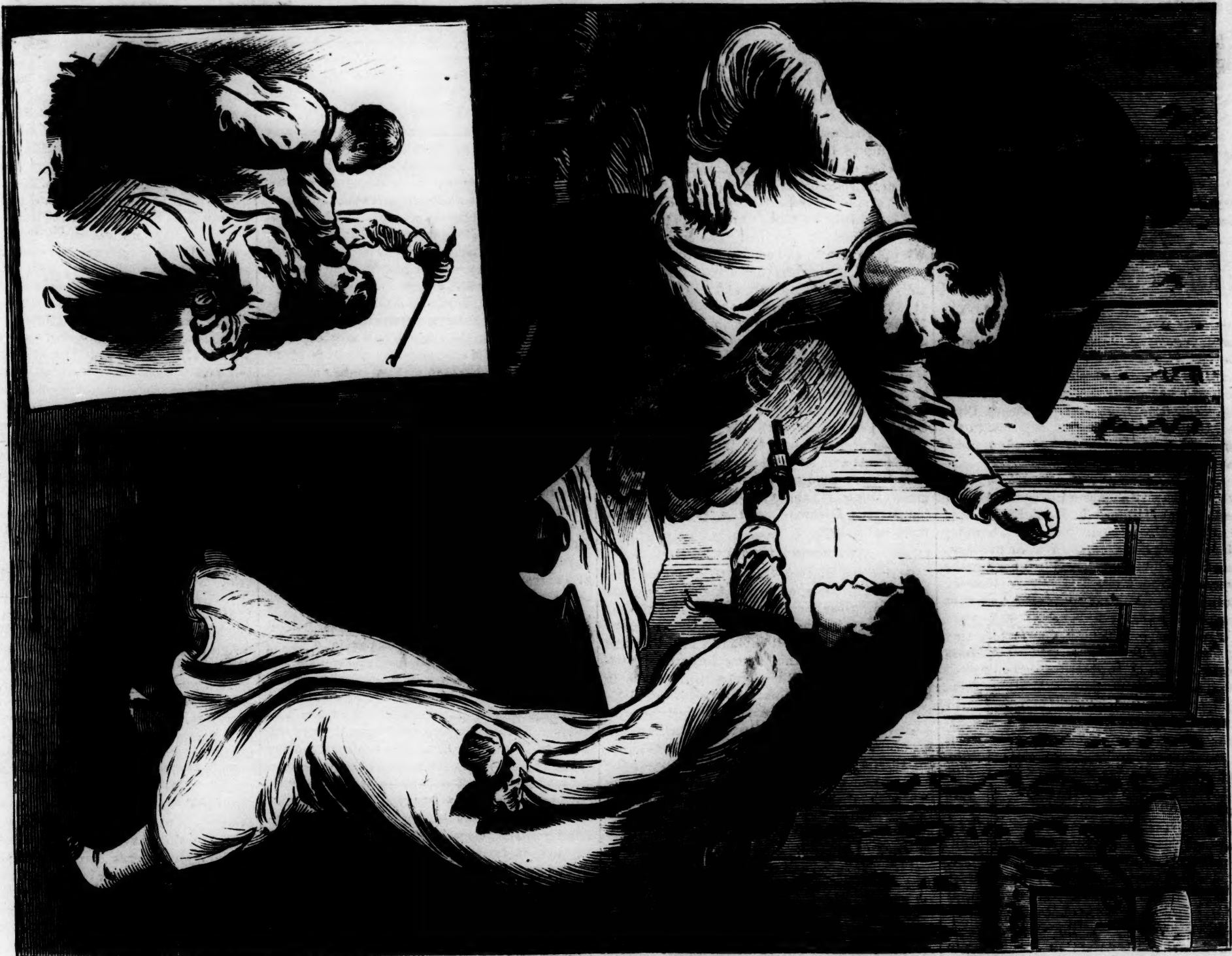
Emma was found to have been struck on the head with an ax, just in front of the ear, almost severing her head through the temple. The mother and five children are left sufferers by the tragedy.



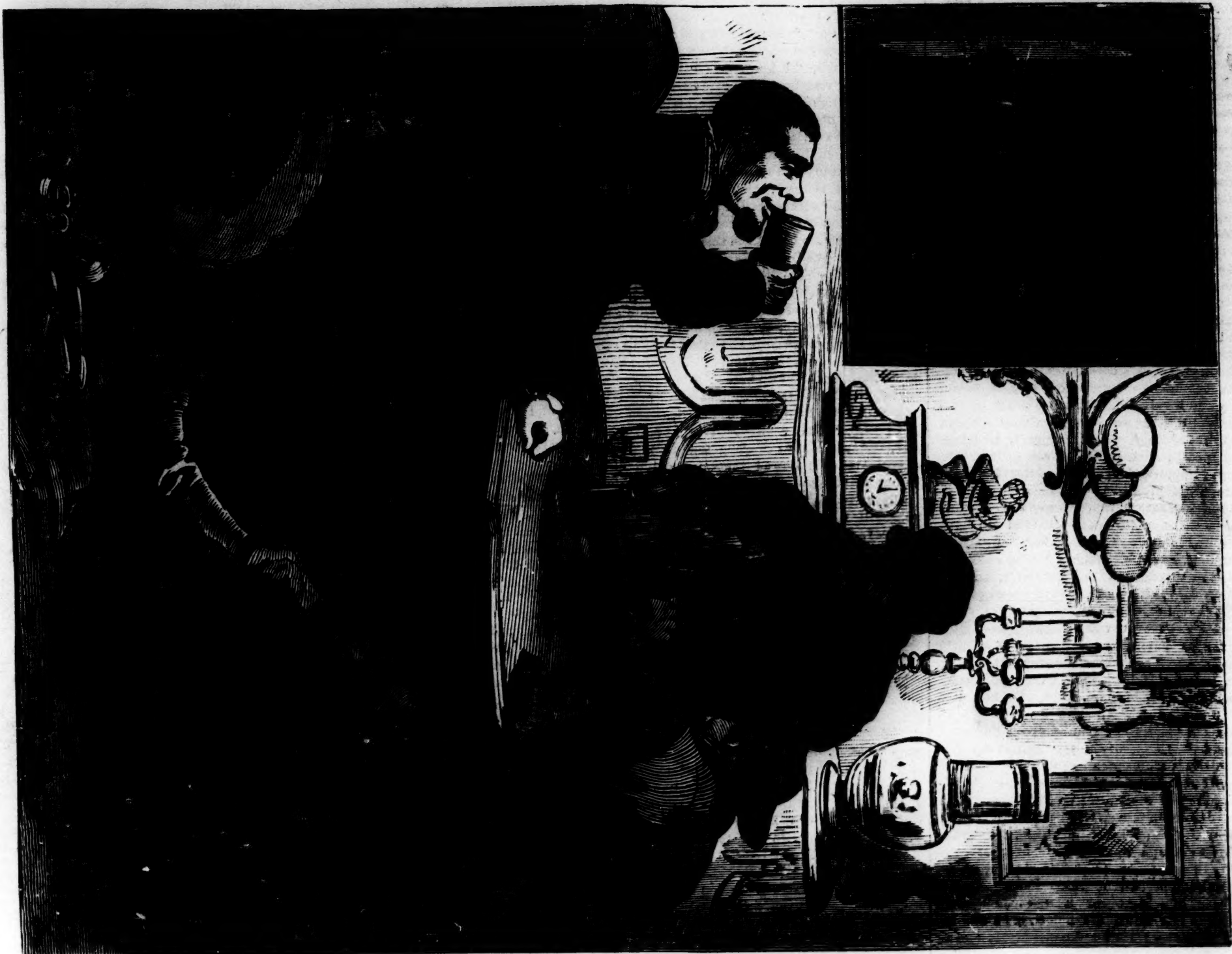
DEATH AT THE BRIDAL ALTAR—REV. ALPHONSUS PELLETIER, WHILE OFFICIATING AT THE BRENNAN-PEETSCH NUPTIALS, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, NEW YORK CITY, FALLS SUDDENLY DEAD IN THE MIDST OF THE SERVICE.—SEE PAGE 11



LIVELY INCIDENT ON A BRIDAL TOUR—A YOUNG RUNAWAY BRIDE CONFRONTED IN THE CARS, AT RICHMOND, IND., BY HER IRATE FATHER, WHO THREATENS TO SHOOT HER UNLESS SHE RETURNS WITH HIM, BUT THE DAMSEL DOESN'T SCARE WORTH A CENT.—SEE PAGE 6.



GOOTY GOOTY'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN TRAGEDY—SANGUINARY MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN GUS PHILLIPS, THE FAMOUS DUTCH DIALECT WRITER AND ACTOR, AND HIS MISTRESS, IN THEIR APARTMENTS, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3



A BUSY NIGHT FOR BURGLARS IN A SUBURBAN TOWN—THREE MASKED ROBBERS MAKE A DESCENT UPON SPRINGFIELD, I. I., AND AFTER MAKING NUMEROUS CALLS, WIND UP THEIR OPERATIONS WITH A LUNCH IN THE HOUSE OF ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS.—SEE PAGE 3

SANGUINARY SEQUENCES

To the Homicidal Epidemic as it Manifests Itself in Various Sections.

ONE WEEK'S RECORD.

Specially Collated for and Placed on Exhibit in These Columns as a Warning Against

THE SHOALS OF DEADLY PASSION.

THE MARY STANNARD MURDER.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., January 28.—The trial of the Rev. H. H. Harden for the murder of Mary Stannard, of Madison, which was assigned for February 10, has gone over to the April term of the Superior Court, as State Attorney Platt, elected United States Senator, will resign the former position on March 4, and cannot finish the case.

MURDERED AND MANGLED.

NAVASOTA, Tex., January 25.—The body of a railroad bridge builder, T. R. McKinlow, was found on the railroad near the depot, horribly mangled. When last seen, the evening previous, he was slightly intoxicated, and had borrowed a revolver, saying he wanted to protect himself. It is believed he was first murdered and then laid across the track.

FATAL PERFORMANCE OF A LUNATIC.

DENISON, Tex., January 25.—A report from Vinita, I. T., says a supposed lunatic, named Stockton, en route from Dallas to Carthage, Mo., shot and fatally wounded a section boss, named John Graves. Stockton believed he was followed by assassins, and shot at Conductor Hoyt, of the M., K. and T. railroad, but missed him, the bullet hitting Graves.

THE JERSEY CITY TRAGEDY.

Alexander T. McGill, District Attorney of Hudson county, N. J., Assistant Prosecutor Vandervoort and Mr. Edward Stanton, the prosecutor's private officer, had a long interview, on the 28th ult., with Alderman John E. Smith, brother of the murdered police officer, R. H. Smith, at the Alderman's residence, on Pacific avenue, Jersey City. The object of the visit and what transpired during the interview has not been divulged, but it is looked upon as an indication that the trial of Mrs. Jenny R. Smith, the wife of the murdered officer, will be moved on Tuesday, 4th inst., for which date it has been set down.

THE BILLINGS MURDER CASE.

BALLSTON, N. Y., January 27.—At the next Oyer and Terminer a motion to change the next place of trial in the Billings murder case is to be argued before Judge Landon. It is generally conceded that if the motion is unsuccessful, Billings will not be put on trial again, unless the new evidence obtained by the prosecution is of the greatest importance. The new testimony, as far as known, consists of the discoveries made by Dr. Swinburne, of Albany, and of the assertions of two gentlemen—one a resident of Brooklyn and the other of Schuylerville—to the effect that they heard the shot fired, passed the Washburne house soon afterward and that Billings' horse was not hitched there.

THE CRIME OF AN INMATE.

Philip Whitney was on the 28th arraigned in Part 1, of the Court of General Sessions, before Judge Gildersleeve, on an indictment for murder in the first degree. Through his counsel, Mr. A. H. Hummel, he interposed a plea of not guilty and was remanded for trial. The circumstances of the case are said to be very unfavorable to the accused, who, it appears, had been befriended by John Malloy for some time prior to the killing, which occurred on the 14th of last month, at the premises of the deceased, 460 West Forty-first street. During a dispute over a game of cards Whitney threatened to kill his benefactor, and in a few minutes after, suiting the action to the word, he stabbed Malloy so that he died almost instantly. Coroner Woltman held Whitney for the homicide, and the case will be tried before Judge Gildersleeve next term.

JEALOUSY AND GORE.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, Ohio, January 28.—Elisha Whipple, a well known farmer of Northampton, Ohio, was shot and instantly killed about nine o'clock yesterday morning by a neighbor, Patrick Dunn. Nearly two years ago Dunn attempted to tear down an unoccupied log house on the land of L. J. Mix, adjoining his own. Parties crossing Dunn's premises to reach the house annoyed him. He failed to demolish the building, and it was soon afterward burned. Some months later Dunn's wife accused him in presence of Nathaniel Point of burning it. Dunn was arrested and tried for arson in Summit County Common Pleas, but was discharged for want of evidence, although his son swore that Dunn sent him home for matches on the day he tried to tear down the building. Dunn accused Whipple of instigating his arrest and of aiding Mrs. Dunn in obtaining a divorce from

him, which she did in June last, alleging extreme cruelty. The decree gave her possession of the farm, containing about eighty acres of land, and as it adjoins Whipple's she nursed the latter's mother during a recent illness. Dunn accused her of improper relations with Whipple. Mrs. Dunn states that Whipple came to her house in the morning at the request of his mother, and as he departed he was met by Dunn. High words and a fight followed. She says she heard Dunn cry "Let me up!" Whipple replied, "I will, if you promise to behave yourself." Dunn got up, but Whipple afterward attacked him. During the second scuffle Dunn shot Whipple through the head with a revolver. The bullet entered Whipple's mouth, and came out through the top of his head, killing him instantly. Dunn immediately surrendered himself, and was taken to jail at Akron. He claimed that he fired in self-defense. The murdered man, Whipple, was about thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, living on a farm, owned by himself and his father. He is highly spoken of by his neighbors as a quiet, inoffensive man. The theory of improper relations with Dunn's wife is generally discredited. He was joint owner with his father of \$20,000 worth of property, and has influential relatives in Missouri and Michigan, who will try hard to have Dunn convicted of murder in the first degree. Dunn is about forty years of age, an industrious Irishman, and a peaceable man when not in liquor.

THE RICHMOND-ARCHER TRIAL.

During the trial of Harry G. Richmond, or Augustus F. Boyle, as he was known in private life, in progress in Philadelphia, the following facts concerning the tragedy have been brought to light: Harry G. Richmond, killed Daniel Archer, a hatter, who, being intoxicated, followed and annoyed Richmond while he was in company with some women on the 26th of October last. Richmond hit Archer on the head with a bar-room pitcher and killed him. On the morning of the 28th ult. a circumstantial account of the affair was given by Ada Dawson, one of the women who were the cause of the quarrel. She deposed that she knew Richmond professionally; he had visited her twice; she was also acquainted with deceased; remembered the day he was killed; on the afternoon in question she met Miss Johnson and Miss Fenton at the New National Theatre, behind the scenes, and after the matinee they went into a rear room of Walling's saloon, at the corner of the theatre, for refreshments; while they were there Boyle came in and afterward Archer joined them; he was very insulting; witness was talking to Richmond and Archer pulled her into his lap and asked her "if Richmond was her man;" Richmond replied, "No, she is a lady friend of mine;" Archer rejoined, "Who are you? you are nothing but a low variety performer; I know you; I can whip you and knock you into a ten-acre field;" Richmond retorted, "I know you can, you are a much larger man than I am;" Archer then got up to whip Richmond; he stuck his fist under Richmond's nose, and was pulled down by Miss Fenton, who said they must keep quiet; Richmond then left the room, saying, "Ladies, I'll bid you good-night, as I don't want to have any words with this man;" he then went into the bar-room, and witness called him back and had a conversation with him in reference to his getting her a private box at the theatre that night; he went into the bar-room again, and witness went into the side door with Miss Johnson; Archer had gone out meanwhile, and when witness reached the saloon corner she saw him and Miss Fenton standing there together; Miss Fenton stepped up to witness and said to her, "Let's go home, I'm afraid of Archer;" Miss Johnson didn't stop, but went on home; Richmond came out of the saloon afterward, and accosting witness and Miss Fenton, said, "Ladies, are you going home?" they replied, "Yes," and took his arm, and while they were going down Tenth street Archer followed them, annoying Miss Fenton in various ways, and just before they reached Kelly's saloon he said to Richmond, "I'll kill you, you ——" Richmond then said, "Ladies, come into this saloon (Kelly's) to avoid this man," and when they went in Archer followed them; witness didn't see the fight in there, as she was in the hallway at the time she heard the scuffling; she heard some one say that Richmond was hurt.

A Flush Fenian.

Mike McDermott, a coal heaver and a well-known character in the Fourteenth ward, Brooklyn, was arrested on Sunday night, the 26th ult., by Officer Al. Quinn, while lying in a drunken stupor on a door-step at the corner of North First and Water streets. When his pockets were searched at the Fifth precinct station house, \$1,011.35 were found on him. It was said that McDermott drew the money from a savings institution that day with the remote expectation of joining some Fenian expedition to Ireland. It was said that the strange ship sighted by Captain Adams, and said to be a Fenian cruiser, fired his patriotism, and that he withdrew the money from the bank so as to be ready to board her the first opportunity. Justice Elliott liberated him under a suspension of sentence.

THE ROAD AGENTS' ROMANCE.

Singular Story of a Remarkable Woman, Young, Handsome and Educated, of her Checkered Career Amid the Wild Life of the Frontier Towns and her Mysterious Connection With the Deadwood Train Robbers.

CHEYENNE, W. T., January 22.—So much mystery has clouded the work of the gang of highway robbers who have infested Wyoming during the past five years that it is doubtful whether to-day a correct version of any of the numerous stage or train robberies committed between the line of the Union Pacific and the Black Hills has as yet been published. One of the boldest robberies of the season was committed on the 3rd of last July, some distance this side of Deadwood, when the outward-bound stage was stopped and robbed. As two of the men out of the three engaged in the robbery are now captured and in jail in this city, and the third is dead, there can be no harm in making public such details as may prove interesting to the people.

Learning that a person intimately connected with the "Road Agents'" organization was in the city, lying seriously ill, and desirous to make public certain facts connected with her intercourse with the gang, a reporter sought an interview.

Guided by her medical attendant, Dr. J. J. Crook, the reporter found his way into a snug, quiet little concrete or adobe cottage in the suburbs of the town. In a small room, at the top of a narrow, tortuous flight of stairs, lay, almost at the point of death, one of

THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN.

of the west. Young, handsome even in her extreme illness, with commanding physique, sharp, searching, black eyes, the invalid at once impressed the interviewer with curiosity, as well as with interest. A few words exchanged, and it was discovered that she was one of the lost belles of Kansas City, Mo., and a daughter of one of its wealthiest families. The southern portion of the city now bears the name of her uncle, now dead, while three of her uncles are to-day leading citizens in Jackson county, Mo. She was at one time one of the reigning belles of Missouri, shining alternately at the State Capital at Jefferson City, St. Louis and Kansas City. She speaks of the journalists of St. Louis, Kansas City and Sedalia with the freedom of old acquaintance, and eagerly absorbed every item of news concerning old acquaintances.

She appeared indisposed to allude to her career since she so suddenly left her home in the states. Fragmentary remarks, dropped in the brief conversation, showed that she had been married to a surgeon in the army, with whom she had studied surgery and medicine, and, according to her own statement, practiced anatomical studies at the dissecting-table. Her husband died, and we next find her at the Red Cloud Agency, a tutor among the Sioux Indians. Then as a reigning queen of a

FASHIONABLE GAMBLING HOUSE.

in a frontier town, where she sat behind her table dealing what is familiarly known in English as "twenty-one." Again she appears as a favorite serio-comic singer in a well-known variety theatre, and lastly in the character she now appears, as the doctress of the secret organization known as the Black Hills Road Agents. It was in this character that she was introduced to the reporter last night.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Reporter," said the invalid, as she half raised herself upon her pillow, "for the purpose of telling you what I know about Charlie Ross, who has just been arrested and is now here in jail. I had not intended to say anything about it, or to mix up myself in it, but as one of the three robbers engaged in the Finn shooting affair is dead, and one has confessed, I don't think my oath binds me to silence. I am familiar with nearly all the members of the gang recently engaged in stage robbery. I was not in any way connected with their business; but my restaurant in Deadwood was a place of resort for some of the members of the gang, and there I learned much concerning their actions. But I paid little or no attention to them or their conversation. It was about the middle of last July that I became reluctantly connected with the gang, and

"IT HAPPENED IN THIS WAY."

"One night a particular friend of mine—a young carpenter named Billy Mansfield—poor boy, he has been innocently hung since then—came to my restaurant and told me he must see me at a certain opium-smoking house that night, as a friend of his was sick. I had been in the habit of spending pleasant hours in that opium-house with parties of friends, thought nothing of the appointment. I told my husband where I was going and why, and at the time appointed I was there. Billy Mansfield then informed me that his friend was sick, and that I must go and see him. After some expostulation and argument on my part, I accompanied him down the main street of Deadwood to a small house near the bridge, where I met McLaughlin and

"ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GANG."

and in the presence of these men I was made to take a solemn oath of secrecy. I was afraid to refuse, for a person's life is not worth much in that region."

After refreshments had been administered by the doctor in attendance, and a brief rest, the invalid resumed her statement: "I was conducted from the deserted shanty near the bridge to another not far distant, where the pretended sick man lay. There, in a dark corner, upon a pallet or bunk made of pine poles, lay a man whom I at once recognized as Johnny H. Brown, who is now lying in jail here in Cheyenne. The men told me he was not wounded, but I declined to believe it, and insisted upon knowing the truth before I would prescribe. Brown was in a high fever and delirious. Blood and pus were thrown from his mouth during each convulsion.

"HE WAS RAVING."

and would not permit any one to approach him, saying the gang wished to poison or kill him to prevent him 'giving them away.' Finding that 'tuffy' and nonsense would not do, the men told me the truth—that Johnny Brown had been engaged in the robbery of the coach on the 3rd of July, and had got shot. He had laid there ten days without medical attention, fearing that a regular physician would expose the gang if he was introduced.

"I obtained control over the suspicious sufferer by means of chloroform, which I administered from above the wounded man's head while I held the pulse in my right hand. When I knew that the excitement was reduced sufficiently I told him what I wanted to do to save his life. He had a bullet in his side which I wanted to cut out. I asked him if he could stand the pain, or whether I should give him chloroform. He said, 'No, I can trust you, as you are

'NOT INTERESTED IN MY DEATH.'

I turned him over, and found where the bullet had lodged between two of his ribs after passing through his side and his liver. I cut into the bullet, and in less time than it has taken to tell you I flipped the bullet out. Johnny, the brave boy, made but one groan during the entire operation. I was then permitted to go home, with the promise to return on the following night."

The invalid then related her introduction to Charlie Ross, the robber now in jail here in Cheyenne. She says she went to see Brown every night until he was out of danger. During her visits she met many of the gang. On the second night she was startled by the discovery that two men lay concealed beneath the wounded man's bed. She retained her presence of mind, and pretended not to know of their presence. It appears that Charlie Ross and Burroughs were dissatisfied and suspicious of her, and had determined to listen to her conversation and watch her action, and, on the

FIRST INDICATION OF TREACHERY,

kill her. They were in the habit of spending the days in the woods, and at night seeking shelter in the shanty in the heart of Deadwood. It was while she was acting as medical attendant for Brown that she learned the particulars of the stage robbery in detail.

She states that there were only three men engaged in the stage robbery on the 3rd or 5th of July, the newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. These three were John H. Brown, Charlie Ross and a person she declines to call by name, as she says he is dead. When the stage had been stopped the passengers were ordered out and fallen into line, while Charlie Ross stood over them with two cocked revolvers. Brown and the third person—who is supposed to be Archie McLaughlin (since hanged by vigilantes)—were engaged in robbing the coach when Dan Finn

COMMENCED TO SHOOT.

The horses, startled by the shots, started off on a gallop with the stage, and did not stop until they reached the stage station, several miles distant. Brown turned on Finn and shot him, the bullet passing through one of his cheeks. Several shots were exchanged, one of which struck Brown in the side, passing through his liver and lodging in his back beneath the ribs. The passengers scattered and hid themselves in the grass and brush, while the robbers mounted and rode off. They only obtained two watches and \$60 in money. The watches were cached, and afterward stolen by Charlie Ross.

Johnny Brown, after his recovery, was engaged to work for the Black Hills Stage Company for a purpose, and while in their employment was arrested. He has since made a confession of the crime, which the invalid says releases her from her oath of secrecy.

The Dexter Savings Bank Tragedy.

AUGUSTA, Me., January 28.—Information has been received at the office of the Kennebec Journal that a clue has been obtained to the murderer of J. Wilson Barron, late cashier of the Dexter Savings Bank. Startling revelations are expected in a day or two. The suspected murderer moves in the highest circles of Dexter. The clue was obtained by a called bond which was sent to Washington, the former property of Barron, and which has been traced back to the suspected party.

On the 13th ult. a Methodist preacher named Knox was arrested near Sawell's Mills, Tenn., for an indecent assault upon Mrs. Lutz, a widow, of Lawrence county, Tenn. Knox was taken to Lawrence.

A STRANGE STORY

Is That Told By Mrs. Kate Cobb, the
Lately Convicted Norwich
Husband Poisoner

AND LIFE PRISONER.

Ingenious, if Not True, Explanation
of Bishop's Whining
Confession.

A VERY REMARKABLE WOMAN.

In Norwich, Conn., on the 25th ult., Mrs. Kate M. Cobb's counsel filed a motion in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court. The motion objects to the ruling of the Court in rejecting the evidence of Floyd H. Crane that Cobb told him he had eaten arsenic; also to the rejecting of witnesses to prove Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Cobb were in the habit of exchanging poetry, as their client affirmed. It urges that Adele W. Cobb (Mrs. Cobb's nine-year-old daughter) was not a competent witness, not knowing the nature of an oath. The petition claims of the insertion of the word "reasonable" before the word "hypothesis" in a request made by the defence by the Court. It also alleges that two jurymen violated their obligation while sitting as jurors—a fact unknown to the defence until after the verdict was rendered. The motion will be heard before the full bench of the Supreme Court of Errors, which sits in Norwich in March.

Very little sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Cobb. This was due less to her supposed guilt than to the horror aroused by the great prevalence of crime in that community, and indeed of a startlingly similar character.

It has been observed that conjugal infelicity and murder have been twentyfold greater than ever before. For nineteen years previous to 1874 but three murder trials were heard in the New London County Superior Court. Since then twenty homicides have occurred in that county, and Bishop's trial in March will be for only a little over four years.

THE FOURTEENTH MURDER CASE.

Besides this, in the past three years 172 divorces have been granted in that county—more than were granted in the ten years previous. In all these divorces but four criminals have been sent to Wethersfield for life, the rest getting from three years in state prison to sixty days in jail. Yet these crimes, instigated by hate and perpetrated with bludgeons, did not strike the people with panic; but in 1878 there were four sudden deaths in Norwich—three wives and a husband—all of whom are believed to have been murdered by poison, and it is this treacherous and effective means of divorce by death that has startled the people; and it is not strange that wives are the loudest in their anathemas and the most bitter in their prejudices, when they are passing three to one to the grave labelled "heart disease" and "apoplexy" when they have been murdered. The Cobb-Bishop coincidence—Mrs. Hattie Bishop dying suddenly the 6th of February, 1878, and Charles H. Cobb, Jr., the 6th of June (just four months to a day) equally as sudden—led to the grave suspicions that resulted in the investigation and arrest of Wesley W. Bishop and Kate M. Cobb as

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

In Norwich Kate M. Cobb, as a woman and a wife, to the time of her husband's death, had no superior; and of the hundred witnesses examined during the recent trial not one threw a shadow upon the felicity of her home, in which she says, "Charley never spoke a cross word in ten years to offend me or ruffle the faces of the children;" but previous good character, domestic happiness, the implicit confidence to the day of his death, her womanly bearing on the witness stand and her constant protest that "I am innocent" have not weighed one iota in her behalf, except with the few, the many crying out for her blood. She has stanch and true friends in the community who believe her sin has been a blind infatuation that has involved her with Bishop.

The later evidence of Mrs. Albert T. Baker, that Charles H. Cobb had told her that he was taking arsenic for cutaneous disease by a friend of his, a druggist, is not generally received as carrying much weight in this instance.

Mrs. Cobb was recently interviewed by a *Herald* reporter, and in the conversation several interesting facts that have not hitherto appeared in a public print were elicited in regard to the history of the case, of which the following is an abstract:

KATE COBB'S FULL REVELATION.

In reply to a question of what sustained during the trying ordeal, she professed to feel that she owed it to her reliance in a Higher Power. As to her impressions of the trial and its bearing on friends and neighbors it did not appear so fair and impartial to her as it appeared to others. Testimony for the defense that would have thrown light upon some of the darkest points

was excluded, she alleged, and testimony for the prosecution was exaggerated to a great extent, and some of it was utterly false. The witnesses for the prosecution were people, some of whom she had never seen, some that she had only spoken with a few times, others not at all. She had had no degree of intimacy whatever with but three of them; her friends were her friends, yet nothing could shake their confidence in the integrity of her statements.

As to the motive for Bishop's perjury she continued: "He had dug a pit in which to entrap others and fell into it himself. He was arrested, and the guilt of which he was conscious enlarged daily till he had no peace of mind. He knew that I was innocent, and if he confessed the truth I would be released from this imprisonment and he would have to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. To save himself from a shameful death he constructed this story which he has told, thereby consigning me to a living death and

"PERJURING HIMSELF."

Her explanation of his motive in constructing such a remarkable story is striking, and is on a par with her very consistent and firm bearing throughout. It is as follows:

"Many years ago my husband and Bishop were intimate. At that time Bishop had a good situation. Money was quite plenty with him and was spent freely. Charley was in a machine shop on small pay. He was with Bishop a great deal and Bishop expended his money for his own and Charley's pleasure. Bishop, through his associations, became an inebriate and did not progress in life, while Charley was rising step by step. As time went on their duties did not admit of their being together as often. Charley was the favored one and at last gained in popularity till he was chosen to fill a place of honor among his fellow-men. Bishop was jealous of those favors; he had tried to get a higher position but failed. The thought that the friend of his youth should have so many favors shown him while he was being overlooked maddened him and he wished to be revenged; but how? He could not thrust Mr. Cobb aside and take his place. Oh, no; he must try another course. Bishop's wife and I were very intimate and had been so from school girls. It is true that household duties and sickness had kept us apart for months at a time; but our friendship and love for each other was ever the same. He used this friendship of ours as

"A CLOAK TO SHIELD HIM IN HIS PLOT."

He knew that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Charley and I both bore good names and stood well in society. Bishop began by stopping at the house and chatting with me. He made me a present; I was surprised; but he said, 'It is a token of friendship.' I received it as such, and in time returned compliment. I did not intend by this infidelity to my marriage vows; my husband knew it; he trusted me and I him. We four were together a great deal, and some little things that were at the time said in jest he has taken as a foundation upon which to build this story. His wife died suddenly; Charley and I sympathized deeply with him in his affliction, little thinking his own hands were red with his wife's blood; he continued stopping often at the house; I spoke to him about it, fearing that the neighbors might gossip; he had already heard that my good name was being taken from me. Did he tell me of this? No! Did he care? No! It was what he had been working for. Charley is taken sick; now is Bishop's time; he knew that Charley was taking arsenic; a little more arsenic added to the medicine and food which he brought to the house, and which he knew was to be taken by Charley alone, and the work is completed. From these facts he has constructed this story; I have lost through him all that

"MADE LIFE DEAR OR WORTH LIVING FOR."

I had a home that was all a home could be; the kindest and most indulgent of husbands. He loved and trusted me, and never spoke unkindly to me during the ten years of our married life. We were a happy couple, enjoying life. The future looked bright and inviting. We had toiled early and late together; but love brightened our labor, and made it easy. My husband had a good position. I was proud of him; he was self-made. By his own hands he had risen from a poor mechanic to a place of honor among men. God had given us two bright, loving, intelligent children. We were happy; too happy, it seems, to last. At one fatal blow all has been taken from me; the husband I loved murdered before my eyes and I accused of doing the foul deed. So sudden and so unexpected was the blow that it nearly deprived me of my reason and my life; my children were left to me and I thought I must live and work for them. That blessing is now denied me. I have been convicted of a crime which I never committed and sentenced to life-long imprisonment. My heart is bereft of all

"BUT ITS POWER TO SUFFER."

This is a cold and cruel world to those of experience, and to think that my innocent children must be left at such an early age to be tossed hither and thither, as a bark on the stormy billows, adds greatly to my sorrow. My mother, too! Oh, how she suffers! I, her only daughter,

have been her companion for years; her joys and sorrows alike were mine, and now, when she needs my help and care most, both are denied her. I am an only sister, and my brothers will feel the loss as only brothers can. Oh, what is life to me now—a blank, a wilderness? To God I commit the care of those I love, knowing that He will take care of them in their hour of trouble. The verdict was a surprise, for conscious of my innocence, I felt confident of acquittal."

"I think my husband's popularity among the people intensified their hatred against those who were believed to have taken his life, and were I the felon I have been made I should have deserved it all. He was a favorite with the people; but no one loved him or mourns his loss more than I. Where I expected sympathy I have received hatred; those who should have healed my wounds have increased the lacerations, and those who would have protected me but for the shadows that have environed me have added insults to my afflictions. Oh! it is a bitter experience for an innocent woman."

Death at the Bridal Altar.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of the 29th ult. the Church of St. Francis Xavier, on Sixteenth street, was crowded with a gay and brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The altar was a blaze of light and gorgeous in floral decorations prominent among which figured the significant orange blossom that bespoke the import of the occasion which was the wedding of Charles M. Brennan, son of Commissioner Owen Brennan, and Miss Meta Peetach. At half-past seven the wedding party entered, the beauty of the bride, in pure white raiment, set off by a few costly ornaments, distinguishing her amid the throng. Rev. Alphonsus Pelletier, who was to perform the ceremony, appeared before the altar, and turned to address the couple.

He spoke in a clear, strong tone of voice, and outside of a faint flush upon his cheeks he seemed calm and self-possessed. Bride and groom stood hand in hand in front of him, and his eyes rested on them as he extended his hand in an attitude of benediction. At that moment his voice faltered, his face suddenly paled, and he fell forward at the foot of the sanctuary railings. There was a moment of excitement and suspense, during which the faces of the onlookers showed anxiety and alarm, and the stillness was broken by the rustling of dresses and a great craning of necks. Then the assisting clergyman lifted Father Pelletier up. He was breathing faintly, but his face was ghastly, and it was clear that the hand of death was upon him. They carried him into the vestry, uttered the words of absolution and sought to apply restoratives. But it was of no avail. A few weak pulsations of the heart and then life passed away. The celebrant of the marriage had been stricken dead with heart disease while the congratulatory words he addressed to his old pupil were fresh upon his lips. The situation was certainly trying one for both bride and groom. Happily, however, they did not appreciate the fatal significance of the priest's faltering voice and that heavy fall upon the altar steps. They stood calmly till the vestry door closed upon the dying man, and then, in the flutter of excitement that followed, they drew back for a moment and waited till the door opened again. This time Father Merrick appeared. He mounted the altar steps and uttered some reassuring remarks calculated to satisfy the congregation, and then he very happily took up the ceremony, which had been so tragically interrupted, and went on to the end, when he pronounced the young couple man and wife. Then the organ pealed out again the joyous strains and the bridal party moved out followed by the throng, who were not aware that the celebrant was lying in his sacerdotal robes—lifeless.

Forger Conyngham Bailed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., January 30.—Thomas D. Conyngham, accused of forgery, in the sum of \$300,000 upon New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania banks, who returned from Brazil in charge of a detective, on Wednesday, came to this city this afternoon in company with Detective Golding of New York, and his brother and H. W. Palmer, one of his attorneys. They were taken from the train at a street crossing just entering the city, and hastily driven to the courthouse, where the President Judge, G. M. Eardling, and District Attorney Rice were awaiting them. The President of the Second National Bank of this city, having \$87,000 of Conyngham's paper in his possession, together with several directors, were present with their attorney, J. T. Lennahan. The prisoner, with his counsel, Messrs. Palmer and Woodward, offered bail in the sum of \$50,000, which was demurred to by the prosecution, and the security was increased to \$75,000, his mother, Mrs. R. A. Conyngham, and his brother, W. L. Conyngham, signing the bond.

H. J. Feltus, editor of the *Bloomington, Ind., Courier*, is being tried in the latter place for the murder of County Attorney Rogers.

SUSANNAH'S DOWNWARD RUSH.

DAYTON, Ohio, January 27.—During the past week Probate Judge Frank has been busily engaged in keeping little Susannah Horn hid away from the gaze of the curious and the stare of the bidious. He has her safely caged behind the bars of Ward No. 4 in the county jail, where he insists she shall remain, hidden, as it were, from the outer world until the Superintendent of some Girl's Reform School shall grant him the privilege of sending her thither, there to be remodeled and made a different thing of. The Judge's action in this case is upon the solicitation of the girl's mother, who is a respectable widow, but, unfortunately for her and the cause of morality, her daughters do not tread in the narrow path of virtue. The poor mother has been a widow for two years past, and Susannah, her youngest daughter, is but fourteen years of age. Tuesday, 14th inst., the little girl called at a house of ill-fame on Pearl street, and stated to the landlady that she was determined on leading a bad life, and showed a decoy letter which she said she had shown her mother for the purpose of leading her to believe that she was going to work with a family on Second street. The girl asked the privilege of leaving her clothing, which she carried in a bundle, in the house. This privilege was granted, and the girl-child started out and did not return until the following Thursday morning, when she made her appearance and stated to the landlady that she had been on a spree, and mentioned several young men with whom she had drunk in various grog and easy establishments. The day following, her relatives had the house of the landlady (Jenny Eichelberger) pulled, but failed to find Susannah, but found a well-known married lady and a prominent gentleman who was not the lady's husband enjoying the warmth and comfort of the same bed. The lady, together with the proprietress, were taken down to the station where Jenny, displaying her forethought, at once bailed her customer, and sent her away before any one arrived that would probably identify her. The landlady claims that the young Horn girl was brought to her house one year ago by an older sister, and that her downfall was brought about in a house on Buckeye street through the influence of this unnatural relative, after which the girl became a frequenter of her (Eichelberger's) house. The mother of Susannah is almost heart-broken over the waywardness of her daughter, who is but yet a child, well advanced on the road to destruction.

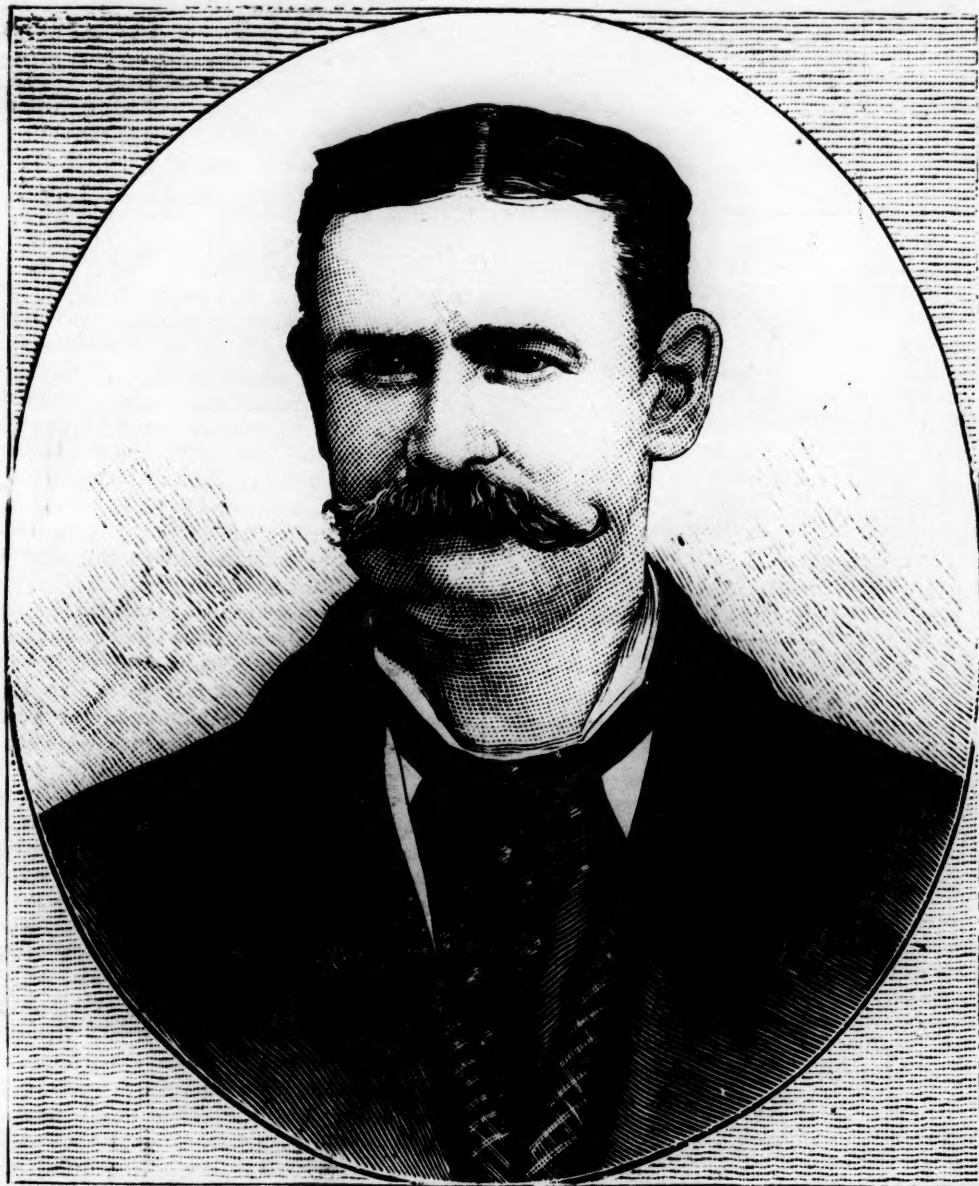
A Weird Seeress and her Visitors.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An eccentric woman, named Mary A. Guye, also known as "Dog" Mary and the "Fortune Teller," died suddenly on the 27th ult. at 815 Broadway. She lived alone in a garret in an alley at 15½ Sullivan street for the last eight years, and it would require almost the agility of an acrobat to ascend the rickety, perpendicular stairs to her abode. Once inside an almost indescribable scene was presented. The slanting roof descended at a sharp angle to the eave of the house, obliging the visitor to stoop low to avoid coming in collision with the joists and beams. Such a motley collection of strange and anomalous articles was never before seen or heard of outside of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." The cramped apartment was littered with household utensils, old pots and jars, bundles of rags and old paper. The wall was frescoed with cheap, gaudy prints and the dried skins of crocodiles and alligators, sandwiched between the leaves of a preserved plant that looked like bunches of the tobacco leaf, hung at the end of the room. A heap of rags served as her bed. The place was badly lighted by a small, smutty window. A half dozen yelping canines, followed by as many mewing felines, made their appearance from mysterious recesses. The pugnacious little skye terriers were particularly demonstrative, while the cats took up a suspicious position at a more respectful distance and aggressively humped their backs. The agent of the premises accompanied a reporter. "These critters are hungry," he said. "They have been locked up here for two days." The reporter started; he felt a gnawing and scratching sensation at his boots. "Oh, these are the fortune teller's rats," said the agent, complacently. "They are quite tame and looking for their expected food. She had over a dozen of these long-tailed critters, together with the colony of cats and dogs, to share her quarters. It was, indeed, a happy family, as they were never known to quarrel."

The reporter's curiosity was fully satisfied, and, by a series of desperate contortions, succeeded in reaching the courtyard in safety, but with a sickening sensation produced by the foul atmosphere. "Bad as the place is, sir," continued the communicative agent, "I have seen big guns go up there and remain in consultation for a long time. Ladies in sealskin sacques and gentlemen with tall hats. They came to have their fortunes told, or to have 'Dog' Mary nurse and tend their favorite black and tans, as she was quite skilled in canine diseases."

James T. Smith, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was arrested on the 29th ult. for outraging a young girl.



GUS PHILLIPS ("OOFTY GOOFT"), THE CELEBRATED DUTCH DIALECT AUTHOR AND ACTOR.—SEE PAGE 3.



MRS. MARY F. HOOPER, "OOFTY GOOFT'S" ALLEGED MISTRESS AND WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.—SEE PAGE 3.

Burning a Cemetery.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COLUMBUS, Ga., January 24.—About two o'clock yesterday, while Sexton Odom was in the city attending to the duties of his office, some unthoughtful or unprincipled ruffian set fire to the trees in the west end of the cemetery, and soon all that portion near the Jewish lot was enveloped in a sheet of flame, and before the sexton and others could reach the spot considerable damage had resulted. The shrubbery and palings around a number of the private lots were either totally or partially consumed, and portions of the main fence caught once or twice, but were put out without much damage. Two ladies, Mrs. Gateman and Mrs. Kelly, of Girard, who were in the cemetery at the time, made a narrow escape with their lives. Sheets of fire loomed up as high as twelve feet in the air as it progressed through the tall grass in some portions of the burning district. By heroic efforts the fire king was conquered, after the damage referred to. It was a melancholy spectacle to see this destruction in a spot so consecrated by our dead and so revered by our living.

A Moment of Frightful Peril.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On the 24th ult., a construction train on the P. & L. E. railroad, was crossing the Shoustown, Pa., viaduct at considerable speed, when it was discovered that three men were walking on the viaduct. As soon as they were discovered every attempt possible was made to stop the train. The men saw there was no way to

escape except to crawl between the ties, and there hold fast until the train had passed over them. Two of them, being small, succeeded in doing this; but the third one, James Dunlavey, being a large man, could not get between the ties. The engine passed over him, mangling his right arm to an extent that amputation was necessary. The two men that escaped held to the ties with their arms, thus supporting their bodies, until the train passed over the viaduct.



ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF CAPTAIN WELLING, IN THE OFFICERS' ROOM OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT ARMORY, NEW YORK CITY.

Captain Welling's Rash Attempt.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Captain Julian Welling, of Company E, Fifth regiment, standing in the officers' room at the Armory, Thursday evening, 23rd ult., drove two bullets through his temple in a desperate effort to take his life. There had been a drill of Companies H and F, and although the captain had no occasion to be present he came there and seated himself apart in the conference room, where he pretended to occupy himself with a book. His mind, however, was otherwise engaged, and although he answered such ques-

tions as were directed to him in a cool, indifferent way, he was clearly laboring under some secret excitement. After the companies had performed their tactics and the men were departing Drum Major Charles Berchet entered the room where Welling was sitting and conversed with him a few minutes. Then, as the hour was growing late, he turned to put out the gas, saying, "It is time for us to go." Captain Welling rose to his feet and took up his hat as though to put it on. Berchet's back was turned for a moment. Then came a double report, and when the drum major wheeled about the blood was streaming from the other's head. Assistance was at once summoned, and Dr. Lustdorf was brought to attend the wounded man.

"I am a bad shot," said Welling, smiling, as the physician took him in hands. That was all the would-be suicide could be induced to say. His life, however, was saved by an accident. The bullets had glanced from the bone and passed out.

Captain Welling keeps a restaurant at 24 Bond street. He was always a favorite in the regiment and his motive cannot be divined.

In Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 25th ult., the body of Rose Miller was buried in the Catholic Cemetery. Her funeral was in progress nine days before at St. Paul's church, in that city, when it was suspended because of signs of life. The body was taken to the hospital, where it remained until the day of burial, when it was evident that death had taken place. It is believed that there was life in the body until a few hours previous. Relatives refused to allow a post-mortem examination by physicians.



A CEMETERY IN COLUMBUS, GA., IS FIRED BY AN INCENDIARY AND TWO LADIES NARROWLY ESCAPE FROM THE FLAMES.



JAMES DUNLAVEY'S FRIGHTFUL PERIL, ON THE SHOUSTOWN, PA., VIADUCT, ACROSS WHICH HE ATTEMPTED TO WALK.

A Father's Love and Hate.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COLUMBUS, Ohio, January 27.—It was by the merest accident that the city escaped a terrible tragedy yesterday morning. Sergeant James Ryan, of the police force, returned to his house at dawn yesterday morning, armed with his revolver, and fired five shots at his wife, after which he seized a hatchet and made threats of killing his family, consisting of his wife and four children, ranging from four to thirteen years in age. His aim in the darkness proved defective and his wife and family, the mother carrying the youngest child in her arms, took to flight in all directions, with nothing on save their night clothes. Several of the bullets narrowly missed the mother as she fled. The morning was bitter cold, and one of the youngest children, after he escaped from the house, fell down exhausted by the side of a fence near by, where he was found, by chance, insensible from cold, nearly two hours afterwards. Had he not been discovered in the nick of time he would have frozen to death in a short time. As it is, his feet, hands and ears are badly frostbitten. The trouble had its origin in the determination of Mrs. Ryan to send her eldest daughter, Mary, a girl of eighteen, to a convent in Pennsylvania. The girl, who is a belle in Catholic society, had readily fallen in with the plan of her mother and her mother's relatives, and on Sunday was started off unknown to her father to enter the convent selected for her somewhere in Pennsylvania. After driving his wife and children out, Ryan armed himself with a hatchet, and went to the house of Constable M. B. Smith, a near neighbor, thinking that some of them might have taken refuge there. He made threats of killing all of them if he caught them, but, luckily, they had all got out of the way. Ryan's violence is mostly accounted for from the fact that he was greatly attached to his daughter, who has spent much of her time with him, and he was therefore strongly opposed to having her enter a convent, upon which course the heart of her mother and that of other relatives was set. Those who know Ryan well fear that the affair may yet have a tragical ending.



MANIACAL AND MURDEROUS ATTACK OF SERGEANT RYAN UPON HIS ENTIRE FAMILY, ON ACCOUNT OF THE RESOLVE OF HIS WIFE TO SEND HIS FAVORITE DAUGHTER TO A CONVENT, COLUMBUS, O.

A Color Fight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MEMPHIS, Miss., 25.—A fatal shooting affray occurred yesterday in Wayne county, Miss. A misunderstanding about the possession of some land had arisen between three negro men, brothers—Riley, Thomas and Dennis Alexander, and three white men, also brothers—Presley, Thomas

and Walter Gamblin. A personal collision was imminent and both parties were prepared with weapons. Yesterday, about noon, the Gamblin brothers were ambuscaded near Red Bluff, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, by the negroes, who fired upon them, wounding Presley Gamblin and fatally injuring Thomas Gamblin, who has since died. The Gamblins returned the fire,

receiving a wound in the foot, inflicted by a pistol ball. Stauble had been indicted for shooting a man named Sheffield at a dance last Christmas, and on the morning of the 28th published a card severely denouncing Orr for false swearing in connection with the testimony of the latter, who was in the house at the time of the shooting of Sheffield. This card led to the fight the same night

killing Riley and Tom Alexander on the spot, while Dennis escaped. Sheriff Cole, being telegraphed for, went to the scene last evening.

Smith's Fight with the Grizzly.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On the night of January 11th a large grizzly came to the premises of J. L. G. Smith, at the toll gate on the Idaho road, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, and proceeded to the hog-pen and made off with one of Smith's fattening hogs. Up the steep hill he went with the screaming porker. The squealing of the hog aroused the sleeping family, and Smith and his wife arose. Smith seized his shot-gun, Mrs. Smith the lantern, and thus armed, they started in pursuit of his bearship, fully resolved to redeem their pork or lose their bacon. They followed the sound of the squealing until they arrived at the summit of the hill, and there sat Mr. Bruin, gnawing away on the hog. Smith in the mean time had got some distance in advance of Mrs. S. The bear, on seeing him, left its prey and made a dive at Smith. He says he made some very long steps until he met his wife, who was still advancing with the light. She, on seeing Smith retreating, asked what it was, and why he did not shoot. Smith replied that it was a big bear, and that he was afraid to shoot. "Shoot," said Mrs. Smith, "and let's see which will whip." Smith fired and the bear left. Upon examination, they found that one shot had struck the hog, killing it. So they saved the hog, and lost the bear. If any one should find the bear, Smith wants him—but wants him dead before delivered.

In Petersburg, Va., on the night of the 28th ult., a shooting affray took place on one of the principal streets between W. G. Stauble and Robert Orr, resulting in Stauble's receiving a wound in the foot, inflicted by a pistol ball. Stauble had been indicted for shooting a man named Sheffield at a dance last Christmas, and on the morning of the 28th published a card severely denouncing Orr for false swearing in connection with the testimony of the latter, who was in the house at the time of the shooting of Sheffield. This card led to the fight the same night



DESPERATE AFFRAY ON THE COLOR LINE SANGUINARY AND FATAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE GAMBLIN BROTHERS, WHITE, AND THE ALEXANDER BROTHERS, NEGROES, IN WAYNE COUNTY, MISS.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND;

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF THE DEVIL'S POOL.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER,

Author of "PRINCE MARCO, OR THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE
ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS
AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LET-
TERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES
OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

"But what can I do with them? They are too rich a return for the mere favor of allowing her to change her dress in this room while I kept watch outside. 'Ah! if I had known what she intended to do I would have had my hand with her before I would have permitted it. She was too sweet to die. How it comes back upon me now—that day her horse shied and ran away and I stopped him!'"

He looked at the dog as if he were addressing the reminiscent remark to him, and the dog wagged his tail in response. The chicken looked on with its head cocked and one eye shut.

"And when I told her of my little Adele, dying of the fever in New Orleans, how quick she was to pour all the money she had into my hand, and make me promise to be on Kingsbridge road the next day, so that she might give me more."

The negro put his head down upon the table, and when he raised it again there gleamed in his panther eyes something as bright as the diamonds that lay before him, watched by the grotesque chicken.

"Strange," he went on, still talking to the dog, "that she should have left this cane and taken that gold-handled umbrella I found in the woods one day. But, poor lady, I suppose she was out of her mind. How sweet she looked as she came here, with her riding skirt over her arm and the bundle in her hand; and how sad her smile when she said she had now a favor to ask me, and would I not be kind enough to keep guard in the lane while she changed her costume? If I had only known—" He listened as if he heard footsteps. The dog also moved. But all was quiet.

"I wonder," Tupa Dick went on, "what they would do with me if they knew her clothes were here. And these diamonds! I must bury them, although they are mine, given to me by her own pretty hand."

He leaned over and kissed them. Then his head was erect again. The dog growled and moved uneasily. Surely there were footsteps. Someone was approaching. In another moment there was no doubt about it, for there came a fierce knocking at the door and a voice saying:

"Open, Dick; I want to see you."

It was the voice of Sergeant Flick.

"The diamonds!" thought Tupa Dick.

He turned to get them.

They were gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE TRAIL.

Dick could not hesitate. The Sergeant rapped again, and the summons had an angry sound.

Had he swept the jewels from the table in his agitation? He picked up the lamp so excitedly that the chicken hopped off, and then clambered upon the back of a chair. But the searching rays of the lamp caught nowhere the brilliant facets of the diamonds.

"Come, come," came from outside, "I am not used to being kept waiting."

The door was opened by Dick, lamp still in hand, and Flick, accompanied by Dashington, entered.

The negro was clearly of his nerve. Used to mysteries and jumbling sorceries as he was, the unexpected visit, and just at a moment when something so strange had occurred, completely unmanned him. The lamp trembled in his grasp.

"Why, what's the matter, Dick?" said the Sergeant, who was always pleasant and polite, even when on the most difficult and delicate errands. "You seem worried. Has anything occurred?"

"Nothing," Dick replied, in a husky, sullen voice. He was regaining his composure. As he closed the door, and placed the lamp upon the table again, he made another sweeping glance with his panther eyes.

It was looking for diamonds.

"Can't we have the blessed sunshine and the air," bantered the Sergeant. "This young man is delicate and superstitious. He doesn't believe it's a good thing or health or morals to burn lights in the middle of the day."

"The oil was bought by me—the house is mine," Dick replied, "and those who visit me must take me as I choose to live."

"Well said," answered the Sergeant, "I like independence. And now to business."

"I am ready," said the negro, his gold earrings flashing in the light.

"You may, perhaps, know what I am here for," and as the Sergeant spoke there came a sort of cold wind into his voice which seemed to make the Voodoo man shudder. By a sympathetic action the dog growled as if scenting danger and the chicken clucked in such an ominous and unexpected way that Dashington, who had been standing with his back to the grotesque bird, sprang about a foot forward.

The Sergeant laughed. "I don't wonder, Dashington, he is a queer bird, isn't he? Where did you get him, Dick? Does he figure in your incantations?"

Not the slightest attention was paid to these questions by the negro, who sat motionless. This confirmed the officer in his impression that he was on the right track. So he tried a bold move.

"Dick, you know something about this young man—woman who jumped into the Devil's Pool. Come tell us all about it and save me the trouble of beating all about the bush."

"Who says so?" asked Dick, almost fiercely, and turning so suddenly as to detect Dashington in the act of noting down the peculiarities of the room and notably the chicken.

"I—I didn't," the Bohemian answered.

"No, he didn't," said the Sergeant, "but I say so."

"I know nothing of her or him."

"Tupa Dick, you lie."

The black made a quick movement that he immediately regretted.

Flick went on as if nothing unusual had occurred. "I say you lie when you tell me you know nothing of her. I saw it in your eyes yesterday. I see it in your eyes now."

"I tell you I do not. Why should I deny it if I did? There is no crime in my having seen her."

"That's the strange part of it," replied the Sergeant.

"I can't understand your trying to baffle me."

"Hello!" exclaimed Dashington, starting from his seat as he is startled by a suddenly liberated spring.

"What's up now?"

"Why, see here."

And before Dick could prevent him; before Dick even knew what he meant, the reporter had gone around the table and picked up a cane that was leaning against the wall.

"That's my cane," Dashington went on excitedly, warming to the hunt. "It is the very cane I sold to the young woman who dressed herself after as a young man and jumped into the river."

"What have you to say to that, Dick?" asked the Sergeant.

"Nothing much," replied the negro. "I found the cane in the woods, where she dropped it, perhaps."

"Where you found the gold-handled umbrella," said Flick, leaping intuitively at a fact by a quick flash of reasoning like this. She had this very cane; she left an umbrella on the bank. She must have exchanged them here.

The shot went home. Dick quailed, but only for a moment.

"I have nothing further to say," he replied doggedly.

"But I have something further to do," was Flick's rejoinder. "I am going to search this but."

"Never," cried the negro, springing to his feet, seizing an old-fashioned shot-gun and leveling it at the officer. "I will die first." There was a blinding flash, a report that echoed about the close room, and then a swaying mass of smoke that nearly put the lamp out.

When it cleared it revealed Flick with one hand on the negro's throat, the shining barrel of a revolver pressed close against his head, and Dashington wrenching the gun from his grasp.

There was a brief struggle, but it was soon over. Tupa Dick was, perhaps, a match for both, but he seemed dazed at the entire occurrence, and besides the grip of iron upon his neck was rendering any kind of resistance almost impossible. Quicker than it takes to write it he was secured by a pair of handcuffs, which Dashington, having captured the gun, obligingly took from the officer's pocket, covering the negro while with his own revolver as an additional precaution.

"There," said Flick, "now Dashington I can thank you for knocking that gun up with your cane. You were just in time. I felt the wind of the shot."

"And wasn't it lucky the cane was here?" replied the journalist.

"It's been a doubly lucky cane to-day. Now you sit here and watch this gentleman. Keep your eye and your revolver on him while I take a stroll through the shanty. Fortunately I've got a pocket lantern. They are necessary in this part of the country."

Flick lit the lantern and then turned to look at Dick. He sat with his hands in his lap, his head bent forward. The steel gyves glittered upon his wrists. The dog had slunk into a corner, but the imperturbable chicken was still perched on the back of the chair, one eye closed, and the head a little on one side.

As the Sergeant approached a closet Dick looked up and said impudently—

"Please don't touch anything there. They are my charms. They cannot be replaced, and if another handles them they have no more power. It was that thought almost made me a murderer, but they saved me."

"A nice looking collection they are," said Flick flashing his lantern upon a jumble of uncouth carvings, beetles, dried snakes, bottles and a gigantic bat, with its wings extended, that was nailed to a bit of plank. Now I am very much obliged to them for saving you from being a murderer, but none the less obliged to Dashington, there."

This thoroughly balanced man was again in good humor, and talked as gaily as if nothing had happened.

"But don't be afraid, Dick," he went on, "I wouldn't touch one of them for the world. What's this?"

His foot had struck an iron ring in the floor.

"A trap!" As he spoke he pulled the door up and peered below.

"Well, here goes, Dashington." The officer disappeared for several seconds the shifting light of the lantern as it cast fantastic swaths upon the rather dimly illuminated wall of the room marked his progress to and fro in the cellar.

Presently an exclamation.

"What is it?" shouted Dashington, who was getting a trifle nervous, as he sat, cocked revolver in hand, watching a manacled giant.

"The riding-dress," and as the words were uttered Flick reappeared in the room. "It was in a bundle on a shelf. Bah! what a muddy place—its like a grave."

Throwing the clothes on a table the Sergeant took out a memorandum book and read, "dark riding-dress, light gloves, half-high regulation chapeau."

"Yes—they are all here save one item."

"What is that?"

"Diamond ear drops. Dick, where are they? No woman would be fool enough to dress as a man with diamonds at her ears."

"I don't know," the giant answered, and for once at least, during their visit, he was telling the truth.

"Well—you must come along with me anyhow. I have ascertained that the young woman changed her clothes here. That fact is nothing very criminal save that it makes you an accessory to the suicide, perhaps. But the absence of the diamonds—that seems suspicious, not to mention the attempt on my life. But let's look first."

Every corner was examined. The closet of the gods and charms was invaded with light, although nothing was touched. The negro was searched. But the gems were not forthcoming.

And so they passed out into the day which was just waning. At the request of the negro Flick locked the closet, saw that the windows were secure, and then when the lamp had been extinguished, fastened the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Your gods and devils are safe now," said the Sergeant, "come—let's go by a lane I know. No one will see us then."

"Look back," Dashington exclaimed. Flick did so. There was the dog trotting after, and then the chicken, which ran along in a laughable way until it got near enough to spring into the air and with an awkward flutter reached Tupa Dick's shoulder.

"Well—let them come on," said the officer, "the more the merrier—although I'm blown if I didn't forget them. How did they get out?"

"Give it up," Dashington answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

New York's Haymarket as seen in a
Stroll along Upper Sixth Avenue
by the Light of the Lamps.

SATURDAY NIGHT SCENES.

Pretty Women of Ioubtful Repute in
their Resorts among the Gay
Dance Halls

ON THE FESTIVE WEST SIDE.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Last Saturday evening, having nothing better to do, a friend and myself lit cigars after dinner and went for a stroll. We turned into Sixth avenue and walked to the north.

"This is a remarkably lively avenue," he said, "especially on a Saturday night."

"This is one of the most remarkable avenues in every respect that the city possesses," I answered. "It has distinctive characteristics and an atmosphere peculiarly its own."

An elevated railroad train thundered by overhead, the lights gleaming from its frost-painted windows.

"Peculiarly its own," I went on. "Now on Seventh avenue you perceive a characteristic condition of things. It seems given up to—"

Here a down-town train howled by.

"Stables, ale breweries and piano manufactories. Third avenue has a life of its own, and so have Second and Eighth avenues—the former revelling in beer saloons and the residences of old-time Dutch families, and the latter in—"

"Fourteenth street!" yelled the conductor in mid-air, and, with a rattle and bang, the train came to a halt.

"Millinery stores, markets and retail emporiums of all descriptions. It is the shopping avenue of the metropolis where the middle class is concerned. You should see it on a Christmas eve."

"What is the peculiarity of this avenue?" my friend asked, turning to watch two pretty girls who passed us laughing.

"You are just beginning to perceive it. From Fourteenth street to Thirty-fifth street it is the rendezvous of the fair but frail, the stamping ground of the well-dressed unfortunate, the sidewalk city of ladies."

"Why do you call it the stamping ground?"

"Because," I answered, "it is the promenade of those who are looking for stamps."

"Ah, I see," he answered, reflectively.

By this time we had become accustomed to the simooms on the rails above that occasionally swept by, and could converse with something like ease and comfort.

At Twenty-third street the street began to present a most animated appearance. The windows were all ablaze with gas-jets. An electric light from a vast dry goods establishment threw a pale, bluish imitation of day upon everything, making the street lamps burn feebly and with a sickly glare.

The groups of young ladies became more numerous; here and there one walked alone; some had companions. I am speaking, it must be remembered, only of those who laughed loudly, who sometimes talked with a very broad accent, and who, by some indescribable wearing of the seal-skin sacque or the jaunty hat, gave the impression that they were of the half-world where dwell most of the heroines of your modern French dramatist and romancer.

Honest people there are on Sixth avenue, Saturday and other nights. Husband and wife out shopping; a young girl hurrying home from her work, and hearing perhaps, at every corner something that makes the hectic flush on her pale cheeks deepen into the rose tint of shame. And, besides, was I not there?

Between Twenty-third street and the Aquarium corner these fast women are to be found in the greatest number. The reason is apparent by reflection upon the character of the adjoining cross streets.

They are all merry, and the laughter is constant. It is not the joyous, ringing laugh of a healthy, innocent country girl at a frolic, but it has a hollow cadence, and just as the trumpet suggests the color of scarlet, so does the sound seem to bring before you the painted cheeks and the sunken eyes of these revellers.

There stands one under the lamp, looking up and down the street as if she expected some one. Let us sketch her. A blonde who has been very handsome. Even now she is handsome, but you can readily perceive that her beauty is but a recollection, a shadow thrown behind that which is gone.

There are lines about the mouth and the eyes that glitter too far back beneath the tracing of black cosmetic. There is too much rouge upon the cheek and too much powder shading it.

Her dress is very rich, and the diamonds glitter as she turns. The poor shop girl, with insufficient clothing, with thin and broken shoes, and a faded shawl that does not keep her warm, turns to look at the luxurious coat with the fur about the throat, and the expensive hat with the trailing feather.

And mayhap, when she goes home, she takes the lamp and looking into the little mirror that hangs upon the wall of her cheerless room, says:

"I am as fair as she, and why shouldn't I dress as well?"

Who knows but what Mephistopheles whispers to her in her dreams that night?

And who knows but what, when we next visit Sixth avenue, we may see her wearing furs and diamonds, the merriest of the merry.

You must remember that it was the jewel-case after all that gave Marguerite to Faust.

THEIR HAUNTS.

These gayly plumaged birds have places on Sixth avenue where they congregate in flocks—places like the semi-circular bars of the Alhambra Theatre, London. In these bars fast young men of the town come to drink between the acts. Women from the Haymarket below, elegantly dressed women, the majority of whom have their own broughams and live in royal style at St. John's Wood, loiter about, but never enter the theatre.

There is time enough to talk, plan and diplomatize while the brandy and soda is being got ready, and the carpenters on the stage are setting the next scene.

In our Haymarket district there are theatres and dance halls also. One has been called the Haymarket Theatre out of very deference to the similarity of the localities. Its Theatrical career was not an over-successful one, and

it is now the delight again of the fair promenaders who enjoy the shadow dance better than they do the farce, and who would rather take part in a free and easy quadrille than sit out the best play ever written.

Within three doors from Sixth avenue going to the west you can find the Cremorne Gardens, built and conducted on the London plan, and giving now a *melange* of acting and dancing. On a pretty little stage there are performed light sketches interlarded with songs by stout women in very low-necked dresses. On the floor below the "mazy" is continually going on.

It is a nicely waxed floor. The music is good and lively, and everything is very pleasant.

"You don't mean to say," my friend asks in a whisper, "that these well-bred, well-dressed women—"

"Hush! They may hear you. They are very sensitive."

How gracefully they dance, how thoroughly they melt into the music. There is more style here than you will find in a thousand "Germans." It is not strange that it should be so. To dance well—to captivate their partners is part of the business which began with the flirtation two blocks away.

On another platform opposite the stage are round tables at which there are drinking and eating parties. The air is bluish with the smoke of cigarettes which men and women both indulge in. No loud talking or laughing. It is decorum itself.

In the street there is a line of cabs, their lamps lit. At three and four in the morning the thoroughfare will be filled with the rattling of the wheels over the cobblestones and virtuous people, turning, in their sleep, will say, in a dreamy way—"the Cremorne's out."

Further to the west we have the Buckingham Palace, a dancing place exclusively. It is more elegant in its appointments still and the waxed floor seems to have a more resplendent sheen.

Booths run around the room. There is a card up, announcing that a "schottische" is the next dance. As you stroll along you see familiar faces among the fringe of gentlemen.

I am present on business and, of course, it doesn't matter to me. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Paul Prowler, Esq., have a perfect right to go where they choose, although I do not believe that the Brooklyn sensationist visited the Buckingham or any place like it. To judge from his sermons he must have frequented places like the "Sailor's Return" in Oliver street, where Madden was killed.

Still there are a great many gentlemen present to-night at the Buckingham who do not wish to be recognized.

"Hello, Tommy," I say to a bald-headed insurance agent, who has a wife and grown-up daughters, and who doesn't allow wine on the table not even on New Year's Day. "Looking at the dance, eh?"

He turns red and then pale and tries to laugh. It is not a success.

"No," he says, hesitatingly, "I'm here on business."

"It's a good place to take risks, and that's in your line," I remark as myself and friend pass on.

You will find scores of solid business men at the Buckingham, and oceans of young fellows of nobby attire, such as you see at Jerome Park or a billiard match. There are a great many drummers taking country customers about. A young gentleman with an undistinguishable agricultural overcoat and a general get-up which seems to suggest Pittsburg, Pa., is approached by his chaperone. Pittsburg is talking to a pretty brunette in a black silk dress, over which a long gold chain trails like a yellow serpent.

"Come now Gus," says the New Yorker, "we have a couple of more places to drop into, and you promised to go home with me to-night, you know."

Pittsburg is slightly confused, but he rallies sufficiently to say—

"Don't wait for me, Bob, I want to see the 'Shadow Dance,' and besides, I don't think I'll go home with you to-night. I will go to my hotel and write some letters to the firm."

The pretty brunette laughs outright, and Pittsburg grows as red as the city was when the railroad strikers tried to burn it.

"All right then," the agreeable Bob replies, "business is business, never neglect it," and he goes out leaving his friend waiting for the shadow dance.

WHERE THEY DRINK.

There isn't much drinking in such places as the Buckingham and Cremorne. The women frequenting the halls are not naturally of a bibulous turn of mind, and when they are it is champagne they call for.

But let us go back on Sixth avenue and drop into saloons like the "Strand" and the "Idlewild."

The Strand has a bar in front, and then there is a long room in the rear, dotted with tables. If you are taking a female acquaintance in for a drink you enter by a hallway made by a screen and are therefore not seen by those standing at the bar.

The "Strand" is democratic and beer is the most fashionable tipple. The tables are all wet with it. Waiters are constantly running about, twenty glasses in their grasp, filling orders. Fifty or sixty young women are in the room. Many of them are intoxicated—one or two very much so.

It is easy to perceive that another world has been reached by walking the few blocks, one that is considerably lower in tone than the other. The young man at the piano is playing "Where was Moses When the Light Went Out," and as you pass through the chattering throng you hear "audible expletives" remarks on the whereabouts of Moses that have the merit of being vulgar, however much they may lack in wit.

While the song is in progress there is a fight in the bar, much swearing and the breaking of glass. No one seems alarmed. It is something that Sixth avenue on a Saturday night is used to. Perhaps a young girl comes in after the row is over and tells her friends that it was like somebody punching her—and so's head.

"About Liz, wasn't it?" one of the party addressed asks.

"Of course."

"I thought so—but what'll you have?"

"Give me beer."

And the girl that is not more than seventeen, slips nonchalantly in a chair and waits for her beer, which will be the tenth she has had since she started from her boarding-house, while she rolls a cigarette.

Away up in a Connecticut valley, just at this hour, while the smoke floats lazily over the suffocating town, and the young men at the piano are singing

"My Mary Ann's a teacher,
In a great big public school,"

there is a light streaming from the window of a farm house.

Let us approach in imagination over the crisp snow and peer in as Knoch Arden did when he looked upon his misery.

There is an old lady reading a Bible—a white-haired old lady, but when you look more narrowly you see that she is not so old. Gazing more intently the lines of sorrow in the face explain the white hair, and the bowed form.

Still in imagination enter the bar-room of the village tavern a mile distant. Young country sports are carousing. The applejack has made them talkative. One handsome, disipated-looking fellow is leaning against the bar and is answering a question.

"I don't know what's become of Katy," he says, as if it were a horse he was speaking of. "I think she's in New York."

Katy is the daughter of the white-haired woman in the farm house beyond in the valley. The handsome young man in the village tavern was Katy's sweetheart.

We know where Katy is. She is in the "Strand" rolling a cigarette and waiting for her beer.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

J. H. DICKMAN, Treasurer of the St. Anthony's Church (Catholic), is a defaulter to the amount of \$6,000, and Jacob Reneker, Treasurer of the German Catholic Cemetery Association, to the amount of \$1,200. Both of Cincinnati.

IN Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 27th ult., Rudolph Blestin, Peter Wolf and Henry Blestin were arrested on telegraph from Hoboken, N. J., charged with a diamond robbery there some two weeks ago. It is thought all the stolen goods have been recovered.

IN Burlington, Iowa, on the 27th ult., the motion for a new trial in the case of Henry Weese, convicted of the murder of Henry Graesser and wife in March last, was argued and the motion overruled, and the prisoner was sentenced to hard labor for life. He was taken to the penitentiary at Fort Madison.

WILLIAM HUNT, a farmer near Schell City, Mo., died on Sunday, 26th ult., from stabs in the top of his head inflicted a week previous by Felix Warren, in a drunken row. A post mortem showed a fractured skull. Warren remained in Schell City till Tuesday, 28th, and only fled when learning his victim would die.

IN Sidney, O., on the 24th ult., Kate Pancake, aged seventeen years, a girl well known as of easy virtue, appeared before Justice Hale and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Samuel Piper, a son of Jacob Piper, one of the most solid business men of that place, charging him with being the father of her unborn child, which, she alleges, will be born in the course of a couple of months.

THE man found dead in Rockford, Ill., proves to be Marshall S. Pritchard collector of taxes of Cherry Valley township, that county. He was a man of strict integrity and respectably connected. He had spent the day previous to the murder there, and had drunk some and was with drinking companions late in the evening. It is now thought that the murder was the result of a drunken quarrel. But little if any money was taken. The officers now have a clue that will probably lead to the arrest of the guilty parties.

IN Nashville, Tenn., on the 27th ult., Knox Martin, colored, the alleged murderer of John Whittemeyer and wife, near that city, upon being arraigned in the Criminal Court, pleaded not guilty to an indictment of murder in the first degree. Three attorneys were assigned to defend him at the trial, which was set for February 10. The prisoner was remanded to jail. He says George Berry, colored, who caused his arrest, participated in the murder, and struck the first blow with a stone. Berry is held as a witness against Martin.

ON the 25th ult., Sheriff Newell started from Hillsboro, O., for Columbus with a delegation of seven prisoners for the Ohio Penitentiary—six of them for five years each, and one of them for one year. The six five years' men were tramped arrested in November last for burglary and housebreaking in Greenfield and vicinity Joe Coburn, one of the gang, was tried first, and being convicted, the rest pleaded guilty. Dennis Lynch goes up for one year for grand larceny. The trial of Bob McKimble is set for Monday, February 10th.

BROOKVILLE, Ind., came near experiencing a riot on the 25th ult. Marshal Seals arrested Eli Lacy for disorderly conduct, when some of his friends attempted to rescue him, and the consequence was several of them were clubbed by the officers. Dick Stoops, W. Holliday and Whit Robinson were caged for interfering with officers. Alex. Posey, arrested for the same offense, broke loose from the marshal and escaped, but while running was shot at by the officers. Much excitement prevailed during the melee, and the streets swarmed with people. The law-abiding citizens justify the marshal in his acts.

IN Louisville, Ky., on the night of the 26th, ult., a negro named Dave Anderson got into a quarrel with a white man named James L. Moore, in an alley, over some game of chance, when Moore slashed Anderson through the arm with a knife. The latter turned to run, when Moore pursued him, struck him in the back, cutting a gash about a foot long and almost to the bone. As the negro stopped he was again stabbed in the shoulder, after which Moore took the ten cents from him which had occasioned the quarrel, and left. Anderson was taken to the hospital, where the doctors had great difficulty in stopping the flow of blood, and it was hardly thought possible for him to recover. Moore was captured.

A NOTORIOUS desperado by the name of James Foster had been making it lively for the miners around the Montgomery mines, Ark., for the past six months. A few days ago, after having three fights during the afternoon, he walked into the kitchen of a boarding-house at Silver City, Ark., carrying a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. Shortly after entering he said: "I will kill my man yet before I leave this camp." He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when a gun, loaded with buckshot, was fired through the window, the shot striking him on the side of the head, breaking his neck and cutting the jugular vein. He fell to the floor in a pool of blood, dying almost instantly. A coroner's jury failed to decide as to who fired the fatal shot.

THE case against Hattie Baker for shooting with intent to kill Curly High for alleged seduction, at Ada, O., November last, which has been attended with so much interest by crowds of people, came to a close at Kenton on the 27th ult. Judge Lawrence made a most eloquent and able speech on behalf of the defendant, and Judge Porter then delivered a model charge to the jury, showing neither side favor. The case was then given to the jury, and after a few minutes' deliberation they rendered a verdict of not guilty, causing many hats to ascend to the ceiling and murmurs of approbation all over the court-room. In this case the sympathies of the people were all with the defendant, who, by her modest, ladylike behavior, made many friends in court.

JOHN EDWARDS, who was under sentence to be hanged at Smithfield, ten miles from Selma, N. C., on the 17th ult., for the murder of James Ballard, a neighbor of his, was respited after he had mounted the scaffold, and when the sheriff was about to adjust the noose around the neck of the condemned man, Edwards is about sixty-five years old. About two years ago he had a controversy with Ballard about the sale of some land. In the discussion Edwards took up a gun and killed Ballard. The only witness to the murder was a little six-year-old daughter of the murdered man. The affair created intense excitement and indignation in the community at the time. A large crowd had assembled in Smithfield to witness the execution, and great indignation was expressed at the interference of the Governor.

IN the Massachusetts Legislature a bill is under consideration which provides that tramps shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for one year, and that any tramp who shall enter any dwelling-house or

any unoccupied building, or kindle any fire in the highway or on the land of another, without the consent of the occupant or owner thereof, or shall be found carrying any firearms or other dangerous weapon, or shall threaten to do any injury to the person or property of another, shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the House of Correction or State Work-house not more than two years. The enactment is not applicable to any female, to a minor under sixteen years of age, to any blind person nor to any person who has a certificate of respectable character from the Selectmen of the town of which he was last an inhabitant.

THE notorious Dutch Henry, who was on trial at Dodge City, Kansas, for horse stealing on the 25th ult., was triumphantly acquitted. The prisoner was turned over to the officials of Ford county by the officials of Trinidad, Colorado. Dutch Henry is probably the most notorious criminal Kansas can lay claim to, and has led a career of crime for many years past. He is wanted in many states, Arkansas having the first call, while the Missouri officials would also like to get hold of him. He is bold and daring in his exploits, and swaggers around boasting of his deeds. Should he ever again be caught outside of Kansas his earthly career will have been done. Murder is also included among his numerous crimes, he having killed two or three men when making his escape from the law, a soldier being one of his victims. He has himself been shot several times, but it seems to be an impossibility to kill him.

ON the night of the 26th ult. Mrs. C. C. Foster, the widow of a once prominent cotton factor, was murdered by unknown persons at her home, near Watson station, three miles east of Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Foster lived alone, and had in her employ a colored man and woman. Both of these have been arrested for complicity in the killing, but as yet no positive proofs to their guilt has been adduced. The murder was a most brutal one. Her head was beaten almost to a jelly by the assassins, and a common sledge hammer found near her body bore signs of having been used in the bloody work. It is difficult to determine the cause of the foul deed, as only an old silver watch worn by the deceased was missing, and it was generally known she was in needy circumstances. Her screams for help were heard at ten o'clock that night, and neighbors on repairing to the house found her lying dead, with no clue to the murderer. The country about is being scourged, and the true criminals, if caught, will doubtless be roughly dealt with.

ON the 25th ult., near Martinsville, Ind., John Ra'cliff, a wealthy farmer, was found dead under circumstances that would indicate that he had been murdered. After eating breakfast he started to feed his hogs, a short distance from the house. His unusual absence did not create any alarm until noon, when his wife sent the hired girl to the neighboring house of William Radford to ascertain if he was or had been there. Finding that he had not been seen, his wife gave the alarm and at once instituted a search. The efforts of the searchers were rewarded about eight o'clock in the evening by the finding of his lifeless body horribly mutilated by hogs near a corn crib. It is supposed that he was murdered and placed where the hogs would devour his remains. Radcliff was about sixty-five years old, in usually good health and always carried considerable money upon his person. When found his pocketbook was gone and only a few pieces of silver left on his person. Great excitement prevails, and every effort is being made to get at the facts in the case.

IN the Gibson Circuit Court at Princeton, Ind., on the 27th ult., the jury in the case of Mrs. Louisa F. Meyer vs. Isaac Lazarus, for indecent assault, returned a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of \$1,000 and costs. The case was taken to that county on a change of venue from the Knox Circuit Court last September. Mrs. Meyer is the wife of a farmer, and the defendant is a prominent dry goods merchant of Vincennes. The plaintiff, who is a tenant on the defendant's farm, a mile and a half southeast of that town, alleges that on the 6th of January, 1878, the defendant visited her at her home in the absence of her husband, and made an indecent proposal to her, with some show of force, but that she resisted him. She then brought suit at the February term of court, 1878, claiming \$3,000 damages. The case has been continued from term to term, and was taken to Princeton on a change of venue, with the result above mentioned, the jury being out but a few minutes. Mr. Lazarus pronounces the whole proceedings a malicious attempt to blackmail, and will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

IN Darke county, O., on the 8th day of last October, Stephen Wade was murdered by a gang of thirty unknown men, and his son William was kidnapped. Some time ago eight men were arrested. Of these three were sentenced to the penitentiary, while the other five had their cases continued till the February term of the Darke County Court. The last Grand Jury found indictments against several prominent citizens of Darke county, O., and Randolph county, Ind. William Shumaker and Lewis Burden, charged with murdering Wade, and Randall Smith, Locke and Campbell, for kidnapping young Wade. Campbell is an ex-sheriff of Richmond county, Ind. These men were arrested by Lou Shofer, city marshal of Richmond, Ind., and brought to that city, where all except Locke and Campbell waived identification, and these two were discharged by the prosecution. The other prisoners were taken by Sheriff Hall, of Darke county, O., upon a requisition, to Greenville, Ind., for trial. Darke county officers, acting in concert with Indiana officers, arrested Jesse Lamb on the charge of murder on the night of the 25th ult.

A YOUNG woman, recently from Iowa, who gives the name of May Brown, on Saturday, 19th ult., engaged a room of James Rickett, in Chicago, and said she was looking for work. She kept closely to her room, and for several days had been confined to her bed. Two men were seen coming and going from her room, and the suspicions of Mr. Rickett's family being aroused, Dr. Aiken was summoned, and found an abortion had been performed upon the unfortunate woman. Detectives were notified and succeeded in entrapping Dr. James Ward, of 191 West Madison street, who, she says, produced the abortion upon her by means of medicine and instruments. A fetus was found under the bed upon which she lay. Her condition is very critical. While detectives were yet at the place, a young man, who had frequented the woman's room, arrived and was arrested. He is supposed to be the author of her ruin, although she asserts that no one is to blame but herself. He gave the name of O. F. Schubuck, and says he is from Streator, Ill. Both he and the abortionist, Ward, were locked up at the Armory to await the result of the murderous operation on the woman.

SERIOUS charges have been made involving the character of a clergyman well known in Utica, N. Y., and who has been preaching in the Welsh town in Oneida county, in this state. The reverend gentleman is a single man, and a few days ago, after conducting a religious meeting in the town of Prospect, he was escorted to the residence of a young widow. The clergyman was

quartered for the night in the spare room, the widow occupying an adjoining one. The room above the clergyman's apartment was occupied by a farm hand, and the inquisitive young man, peering down through the stove-pipe hole, claims to have seen the widow in the tender embraces of the minister. The young man stole noiselessly out of the house and awakened a neighbor. The two returned to discover that the couple were still enjoying each other's society. The affair has created great scandal among the fifteen thousand Welsh residents of Oneida county. The clergyman is to be arraigned by the Welsh Presbyterian Church of Holland next week, Tuesday. Both pastor and widow deny guilt. The lady has previously borne an irreproachable character. She is a handsome brunette, and has very respectable connections in the city of Utica.

COAL CREEK, Ind., the scene of the murder of three men on the 25th of April last and of another on the 28th of the following June, was on Friday night, 24th ult., witness to another crime, perhaps less atrocious and lacking the interest attaching to those which held up Fountain county before the world as a bloody field, yet one which shows that in the vicinity of the mines at Stringtown human life is held at much less value than commports with the peace of its inhabitants. In the saloon of William Reynolds, in Stringtown, about ten o'clock, two friends were playing a game of cards, over which a dispute arose. Both became angry and arose from the table. David Hughes, the larger of the two, took the other by the collar. A bystander interfered and separated them, when the other, William Dally, drew a revolver and shot Hughes, the bullet entering his left lung, passing downward and lodging just under the skin over the hip bone. Dally immediately went home and retired to bed. Hughes, the wounded man, was taken to his home, where he died about one o'clock, in the presence of his wife and three children. About the same time Dally was awakened by the constable and taken in charge. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts. Dally was held in the sum of \$5,000 to answer to the charge of manslaughter. Not being able to procure bail, he was committed to the county jail at Covington. Dally has a wife and three children. He offers no excuse for the deed, and seems scarcely to realize it in all its enormity. He says it was done in the excitement of a moment, and he is sorry for it.

IN Shelby City, Ky., on the 20th ult., at the democratic primary election to nominate a representative and jailer, bad whisky for a time got the best of reason, and as usual resulted in a street fight that for downright pure causelessness beat anything ever witnessed in that vicinity. A white man by the name of George Phillips got into a difficulty with a negro named John Givens and fired two shots at him, one taking effect in Givens' groin, making an ugly but not dangerous wound. There was little or no cause for the shooting, and this, with other real or imaginary grievances, caused the negroes to cry for blood. They charged on Phillips and his friends, forcing them to retreat to the Dodd's Hotel, and then surrounded it. There being no officers in town, they had things their own way until the four o'clock stage for Danville was ready to leave, when it was thought best to send Phillips to Danville for safe keeping, and accordingly he was slipped out of the hotel and put in the stage with an officer. The negroes were of the impression that Phillips was being helped out of town by his friends, and no sooner heard that he was on the stage that they made a rush for it. The driver, Lee Whitlow, took the situation at a glance, and put his horses down to a dead run for safety and Danville. The stage being heavily loaded with passengers and baggage it was a tight race, and was kept up for half a mile, when the negroes gave it up as a bad job. They then came back to town, and with a lot of drunken whites from Knobs made things lively. They were finally dispersed. There were enough implements of war produced during the first stage of the fight to have sufficiently stocked a young army.

KEOKUK, Iowa, is just reveling in a sensation in high life occasioned by the disappearance of H. G. Boon, Secretary of the Keokuk Gas Light and Coke Company, and the disclosures which have followed. Boon left there on the 8th ult., under the pretense of visiting friends at Savanna, Mo., representing that he would return in three or four days. Failing to come back at the appointed time his friends became alarmed, and upon inquiry ascertained that he had remained at Savanna but one day, and had gone from there to St. Joseph, Mo. He took with him the key of the safe, and this, coupled with other circumstances, awakened alarm, and an investigation was at once instituted. Boon's father-in-law, Judge Moore, who is the principal stockholder in the gas company, and who was spending the winter in Texas, was called home. An examination of the books was made to ascertain how Boon's accounts with the company stand, but Judge Moore declines to make any statement about the matter at present, except that there is a mystery connected with Boon's disappearance, which only time and inquiry will unravel. In connection with the gas office a small banking business was carried on under the firm name of H. G. Boon & Co., in which Judge Moore furnished whatever capital was invested, but he says no one will lose anything but himself. The name of a woman—a noted character both there and in Quincy, Ill.—is coupled with that of Boon, in connection with his mysterious disappearance. It is said that he was very much infatuated with her. Boon's wife belongs to one of the leading and wealthy families of the city. He was surrounded by all that wealth, influence and social position could do for a young man, and his conduct under the circumstances is regarded as very strange and unaccountable.

It has been discovered that John Q. Adams, a mine-cracker boss of Moosic, Pa., was murdered on the night of the 26th ult., and not frozen to death, as reported.

ADVERTISING.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed to saloon keepers, proprietors of hotels, restaurants and barber shops, and all places of public resort, where the paper should be kept on file, at the reduced rate of \$4 per year, including a handsome, cloth-bound cover, with the name of the paper stamped on it in gold letters. The GAZETTE will not be supplied at these rates, with Cover, for a less term than one year. All money orders, &c., must be addressed to the Publisher, P. O. Box 40, New York.

FULL Dress Goggles and Ties at MARK MAYER'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

HEADQUARTERS for all articles used in Games of Chance, Advantage Cards, Dice, Keno Sets, Poker Checks, and Cards, Roulette, Card Presses, Cue Cards, Check Holders, Faro Cards, Cue Keepers, Faro Layouts and Boxes, Compressed Ivory Checks, Cloth painted to order for any game. Price-list and sample sheet mailed free. Address DAVIDSON & Co., 86 Nassau Street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING THEATRE. Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached. Nos. 72, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round with the greatest Variety Show in the world. The most complete Vandeville Theatre in the city. Grand Sporting Programme and the great Female Boxers every night. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

A HERLE'S TIVOLI THEATRE. 8th Street, between 2d and 3d Avenues. THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH. The only Solid Show in New York. The most Magnificent Array of Stars. A most Resplendent, Beautiful Ballet. 25 Superb Dances and Coryphées. An Olio of 30 Acknowledged Artists. Matinee every Thursday and Sunday Midnight.

SULTAN DIVAN, 31 BOWERY, near Stanton Street—Grand Barnard's Show every evening. One of the "rights" of the city. Strangers should not miss it.

MEDICAL.

MANHOOD Restored.—A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy has found a simple self-cure which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVE, 43 Chatham Street, New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAEL, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

DOCTA Sandozwood Capsules.—The safest, speediest, most reliable cure for diseases of the Urinary Organs; fast superseding all other remedies. Beware of dangerous imitations. None genuine unless having "Docta" on each box. DUNNICK & Co., New York. Explanatory circular mailed free on application. Sold at all Drug Stores.

LOTTERIES.

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A SLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SECOND GRAND DISTRIBUTION, Class B.

At New Orleans, Tuesday, February 11th, 1879. 105th Monthly Drawing.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1853, with a Capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$250,000. Its Grand Annual Drawing will take place on the 22nd of February, 1879, and will be held at the following distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$20,000.	
100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH.	
HALF-TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.	
LIST OF PRIZES.	
1 CAPITAL PRIZE	\$20,000
1 CAPITAL PRIZE	10,000
1 CAPITAL PRIZE	5,000
1 PRIZE OF \$2,000	5,000
5 PRIZES OF 1,000	5,000
20 PRIZES OF 500	10,000
100 PRIZES OF 100	10,000
200 PRIZES OF 50	10,000
500 PRIZES OF 20	10,000
1,000 PRIZES OF 10	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
9 Approximation Prizes of \$200	\$2,700
9 do. do. 100	1,800
9 do. do. 50	1,800
1807 Prizes, amounting to	\$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid. Application for rates to clubs, should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans. Write, clearly stating full address, for further information or send orders to

F. G. Box 624, New Orleans, Louisiana. Or to H. L. PLUM, 719 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUDREARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

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Indiana's Luck. A Love Story. By Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett. 1 vol. Priced 25c. For sale by all B. okellers and News Agents, or from the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

BENNETT BOWERY, N. Y. Jacob Bennett, late of 36 Oliver Street, Wm. Bennett, late of 18 Clarkson St. Contractors for Police Uniforms.

PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body. Price \$1. Nervous Debility Pills, \$1, all postpaid. Address Dr. VAP HOLM, No. 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

LYNCH'S Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cats' Eyes, jewelry, silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house.

JUDGE for yourself.—By sending 25 cts. with age, height, color of eyes and hair you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. Fox, P. O. Drawer 33 Fultonville, N. Y.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards. Each card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

THE CHEYENNES' DEATH STRUGGLE—LAST DESPERATE RESISTANCE OF THE REMNANT OF THE FREEDOM AND MEN TO THE UNITED STATES TROOPS UNDER CAPTAIN WHEELER—CROUCHED IN A DEEP RAVINE, NEAR PORT ROBINSON, NEB., THE DESPAIRING BUT UNDAUNTED INDIANS GAVE UP THE FIGHT TO THE DEATH, AND ARE SHOT DOWN TO A MAN.—See Page 7.

